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96 PAGES CHOPPED OUT OF PAST ISSUES

INCLUDING 36 GRUESOME PAGES ON ...

VIOLENCE!



AN EXCITING NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER EXCLUSIVELY FOR READERS OF MAD MAGAZINE!

"An extraordinary opportunity to own the official MAD Pin Collection!"



A Brief History of the MAD Pin Collection

In late 1990, MAD publisher William Mildred Farnsworth Higgenbottom Pious Gaines IX decreed that there should be an official MAD Pin Collection and ordered that famous artisans from around the world be contacted to see who would work the cheapest to create these objects of art!

Unique in all of jewelry-making history, we broke the mold before we cast these pins!

Each official MAD Pin is precision crafted by machines that are turned On and Off by hand!

Each Pin is cast in Space-Age Alloys—the same Alloys used to make NASA space shuttle souvenir pins sold by guys hanging around Cape Canaveral!

The Official MAD Pin Collection smells like jewelry that costs thousands of dollars and can be mistaken for real gold at distances over 500 meters (though at shorter distances they may be mistaken for a lot of other things)!

These Pins will not be sold in any store—we know, we tried getting any store we could find to sell them and nobody would touch them!

Due to the special nature of this offer, the number of Official MAD Pins commissioned shall never exceed the demand! (In the event of a tie, all production will cease! That's our commitment to quality!)

These are the very same Pins that will be offered by us again and again and again in future issues of MAD Magazine!

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This offer is neither endorsed nor in any way connected to the Franklin Mint, Benjamin Franklin, Joe Franklin or Franklin Delano Roosevelt!

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New York, New York 10022

☐ I enclose \$53.75 for a 40-Issue Subscription.
I'll save \$16.25 off newsstand price and get all three
MAD Pins shown above absolutely free!

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☐ I enclose \$13.75 for an 8-Issue Subscription.
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look at someone else's MAD Pins because you won't
send me any!

CITY _____

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STATE _____ Zip _____

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VIOLENCE II



MAD SUPER SPECIAL 81 MAY 1992



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FRONT COVER ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

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KNOCK ON WOODY DEPT.

I'm **Woody Allen**! I'd like to introduce you to my **latest film!**
I'm very proud of it—it's **new**, it's **different!** Like for instance, even though it's the 14th consecutive film in which I've played a **total neurotic**, this is the **first time** there are **other neurotics** in even **worse shape** than me, mainly...



HENNA HER

(OR: "PLAY ANNIE HALL'S

I'm **Henna**, and these are my **two sisters, Hollow and Loose!** Welcome to our hip, contemporary, utterly **Nouveau York** Thanksgiving dinner! **Let's get started!**

Okay, I'll start with **neurosis** and **guilt!**

Who wants some **angst** and **despair?**

Please pass me a **double helping** of **letching!** And make sure you **lean all over me** when you serve it!

Thank you for the **blessings** we're about to receive—the **turkey**, the **stuffing**, the **cranberries**, and the **one-liners** about **Franz Kafka**, **Nazis**, and **psychoanalysis!**



Listen, everyone—Melissa just said her **very first word!** Say it again, Melissa!

Depression!

Isn't she just **darling!**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

NA AND SICKOS

MANHATTAN MEMORIES AGAIN, SAM!")



Can I make a wish?

If it's appropriate...

I wish for world peace!

That won't do...

Okay, how's **this**—I wish to attend a Gestalt Therapy summer camp so I can work through my anxiety crisis!

That's much better, dear!

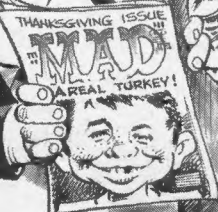
This is a veritable masterpiece! Woody has certainly grown as a filmmaker!

What brilliant touches! Instead of Gershwin music, he's using **Rodgers and Hart**! And instead of **Diane Keaton** talking in overlapping dialogue, he has **Mia Farrow** doing it!



HOW AM I DOIN'?

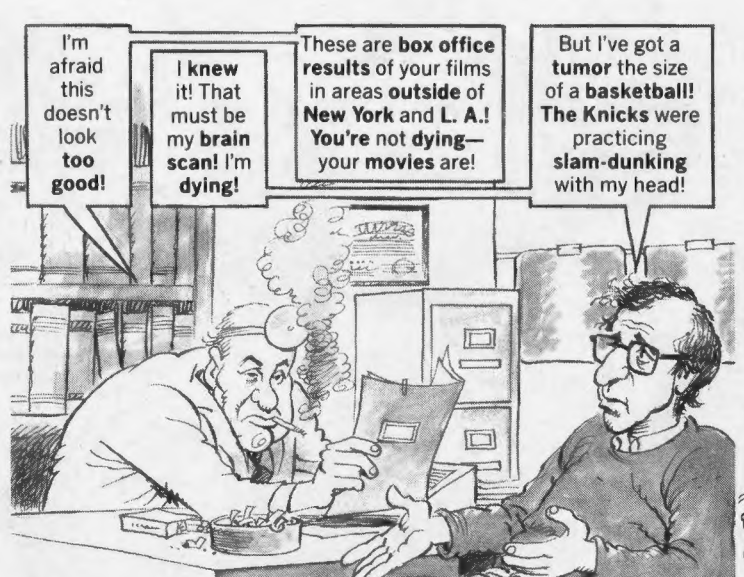
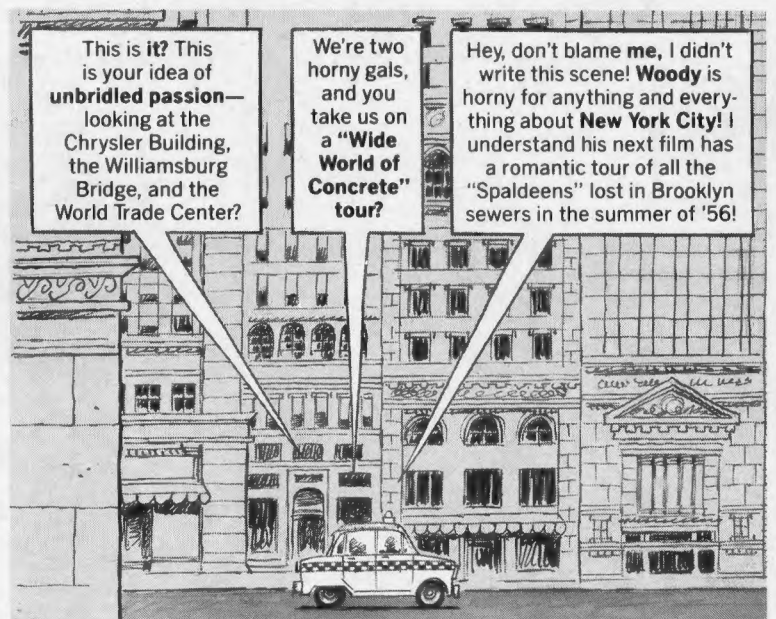
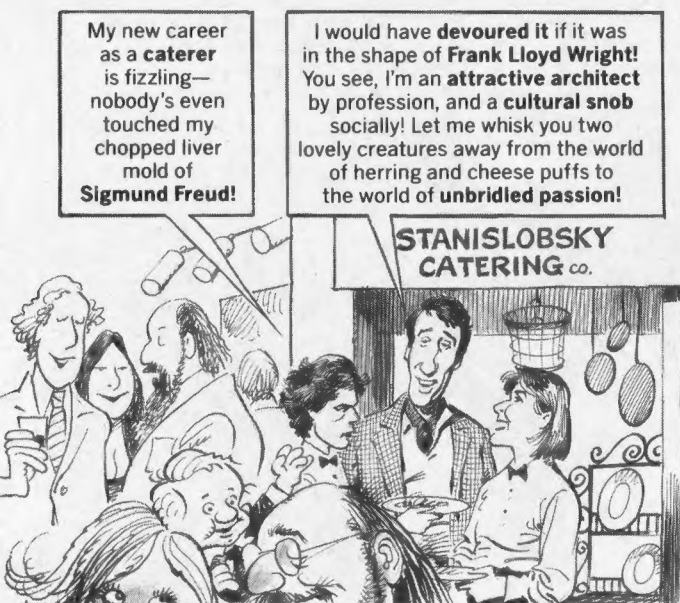
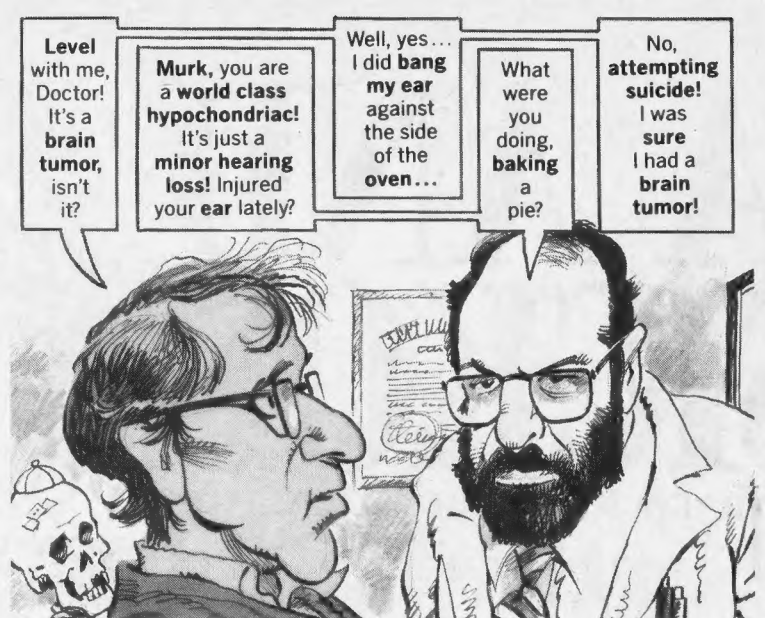
I ♥ TO HATE NY.



He shows real maturity as a Director since "**Manhattan**" and "**Stardust Memories**"!

Right! Woody's finally learned where to buy color film!

WRITER: DEBBEE OVITZ





Look, you're tense!
You need something to
take your mind off
today's problems!
I'm **prescribing** a
flashback so you can
deal with **yesterday's**
problems...

Good news—
these
fertility
tests
indicate
you **can't**
have any
children!

Why
is
that
"good
news"?

That means
there will
be **one less**
bouncing
baby
neurotic
brought into
the world!

Considering how you're a
close friend and how I've
managed to use you in most
of my pictures **despite** your
sagging career, you gotta
do me this **favor** and become
the father of my child! No
physical contact, of course...

Gee, Murky,
I don't
know...
it's all
so **cold**,
clinical,
unromantic...

You want
romance?
Take the
test
tube
out for a
candlelight
dinner!



That's **terrific**
news, Murky!
The **lab tests**
proved **negative!**
You're **not**
going to die!

Right! And my
brush with death
gives me a chance
to do a "search
for the meaning of
life" segment...

...complete with a **voice-**
over monologue that enables
me to use **leftover gags**
from my **other films**, since
they're all so easily
inter-changeable...

...I can pick
on **Socrates**,
homosexuals,
Ice Capades,
boiled
chicken...

...and deal with some **major**
questions that have been
plaguing mankind, like
"Does God exist?", "Is there
life after death?" and, "Will I
ever be able to top 'Annie Hall?'"



Mother,
tell me
the
truth,
was I an
adopted
child?

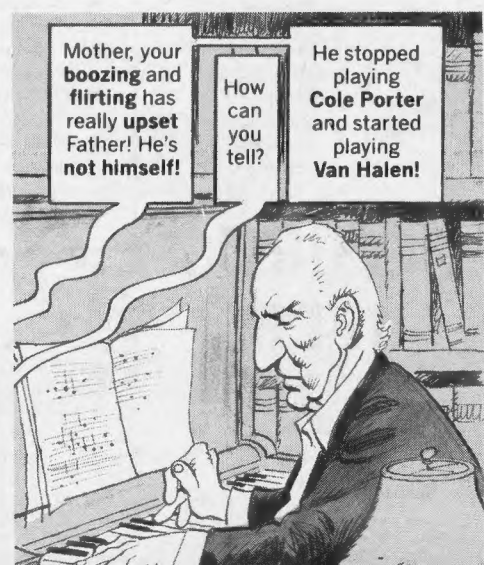
Of
course
not,
Henna!
Why do
you ask?

Well, it's **hard**
to **believe** that
a couple so
colorful could
have a **daughter**
as **wooden** and
boring as me!

Mother, your
boozing and
flirting has
really **upset**
Father! He's
not himself!

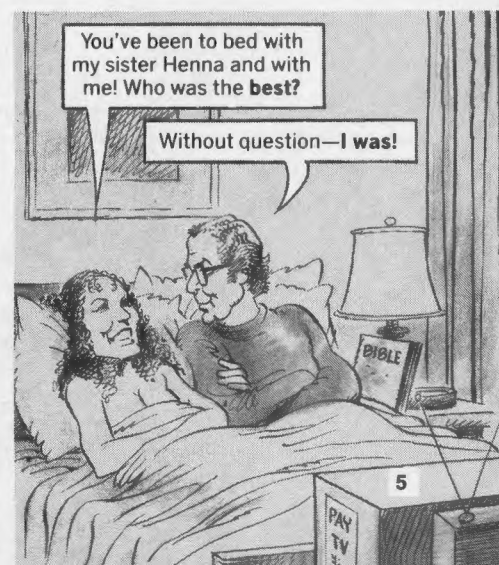
How
can
you
tell?

He stopped
playing
Cole Porter
and started
playing
Van Halen!

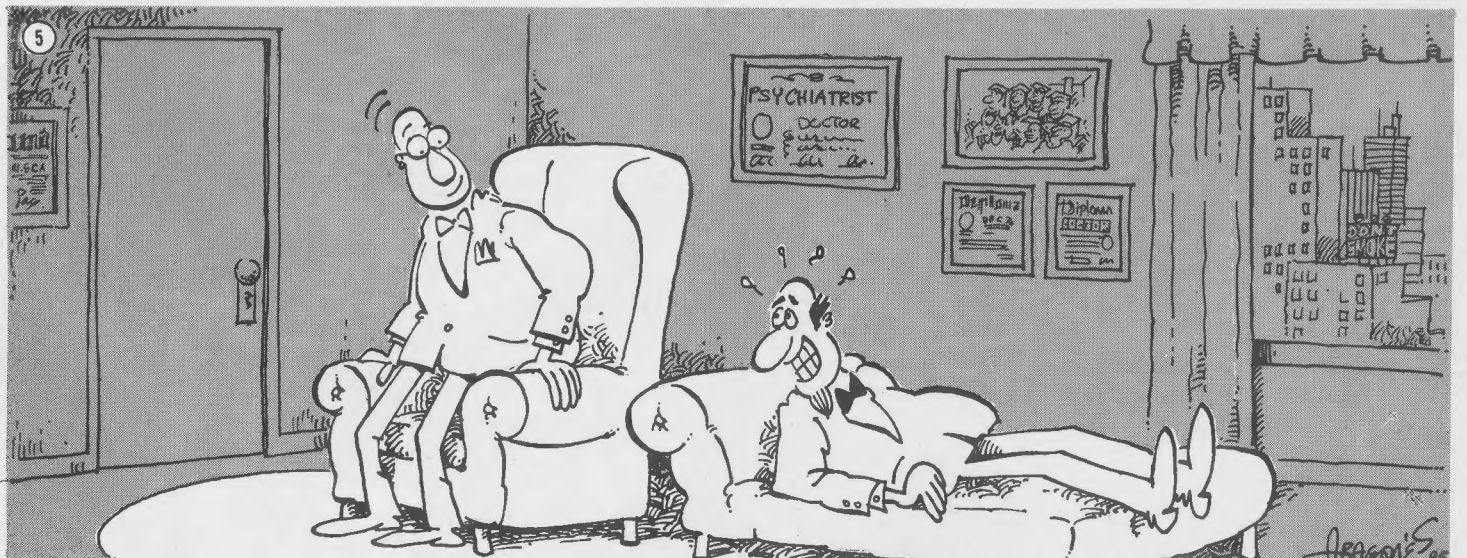
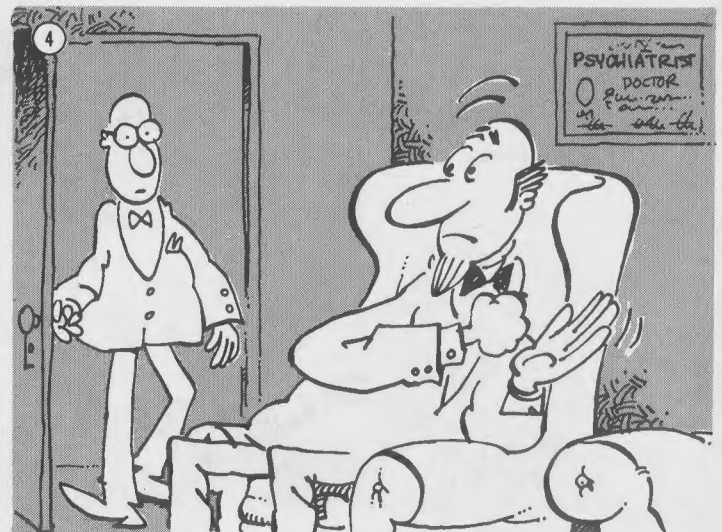
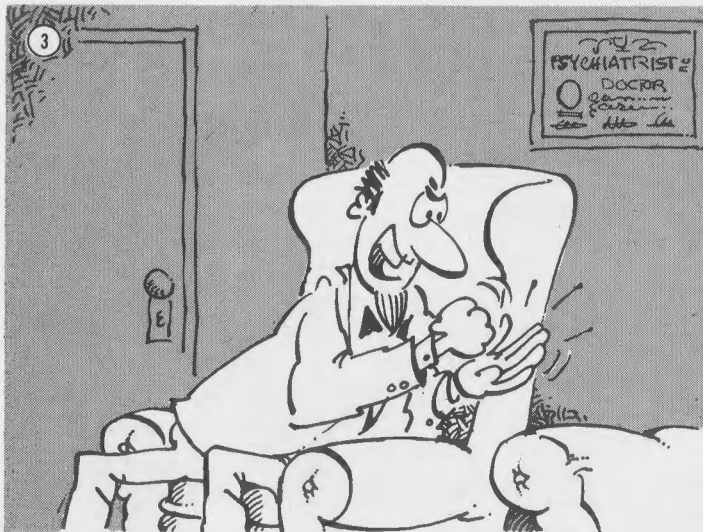
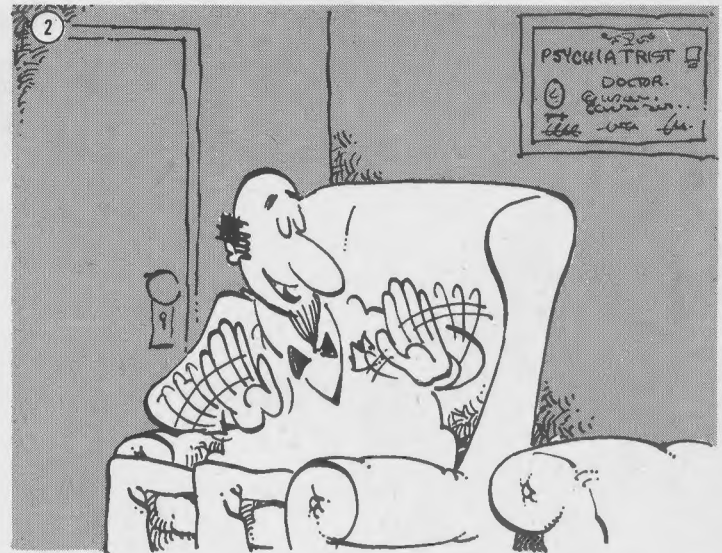


You've been to bed with
my sister Henna and with
me! Who was the **best?**

Without question—I was!



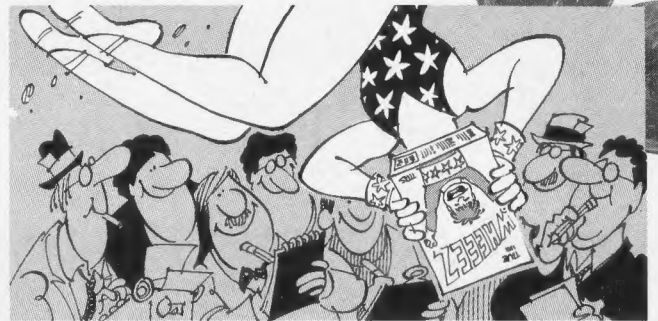
HEAD TRIP



YOU'D BE RICH IF YOU HAD A



... For every "celebrity" exercise book now available.



... For every journalist who has referred to Mary Lou Retton as "perky."



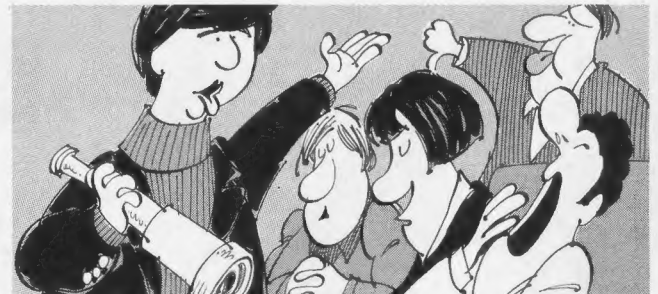
... For everyone who *still* can't tell which one is Siskel and which one is Ebert.



... For every video tape rental store that's opened in any neighborhood in the last year.



... For every nuclear reactor spokesman who says that the latest radiation leak poses "absolutely no danger to anyone."



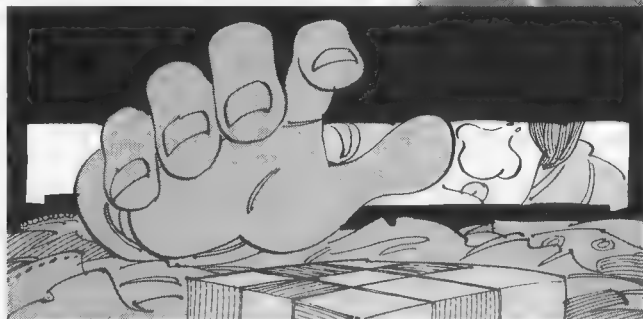
... For every person who thinks he does a great impersonation of Carl Sagan by repeating "billions and billions" in a nasal voice.

NICKEL...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU



... For every sequel that's not as good as the original.



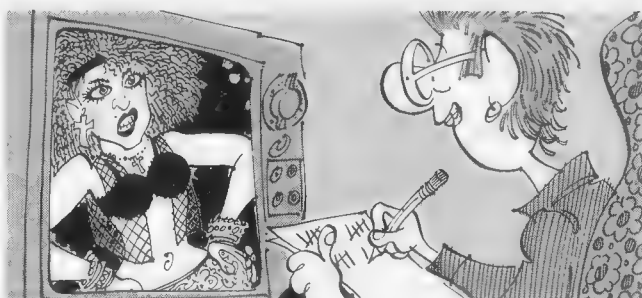
... For every unsolved Rubik's Cube in the back of someone's bureau drawer.



... For every Betamax owner who wishes he'd bought a VHS instead.



... For every time you hear a helicopter report about a massive traffic jam... *after* you're already in it.



... For every time Madonna shows her navel in a music video.



... For every disc jockey who says he's going to play 10 songs in a row without interruption, and then interrupts between every song to remind you you're listening to 10 songs in a row without interruption.



A MAD LOG

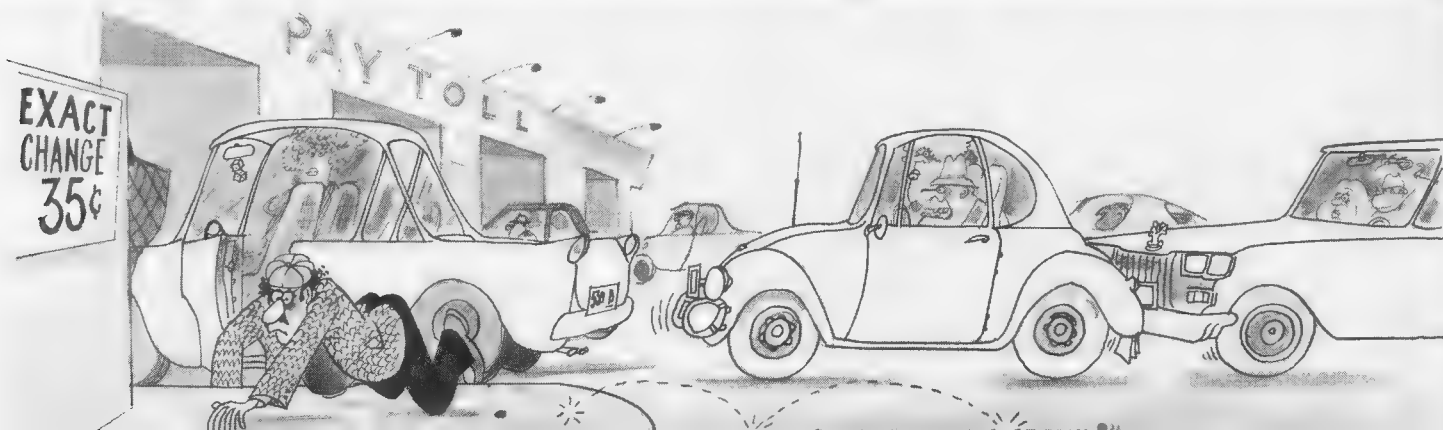


OK AT LINES



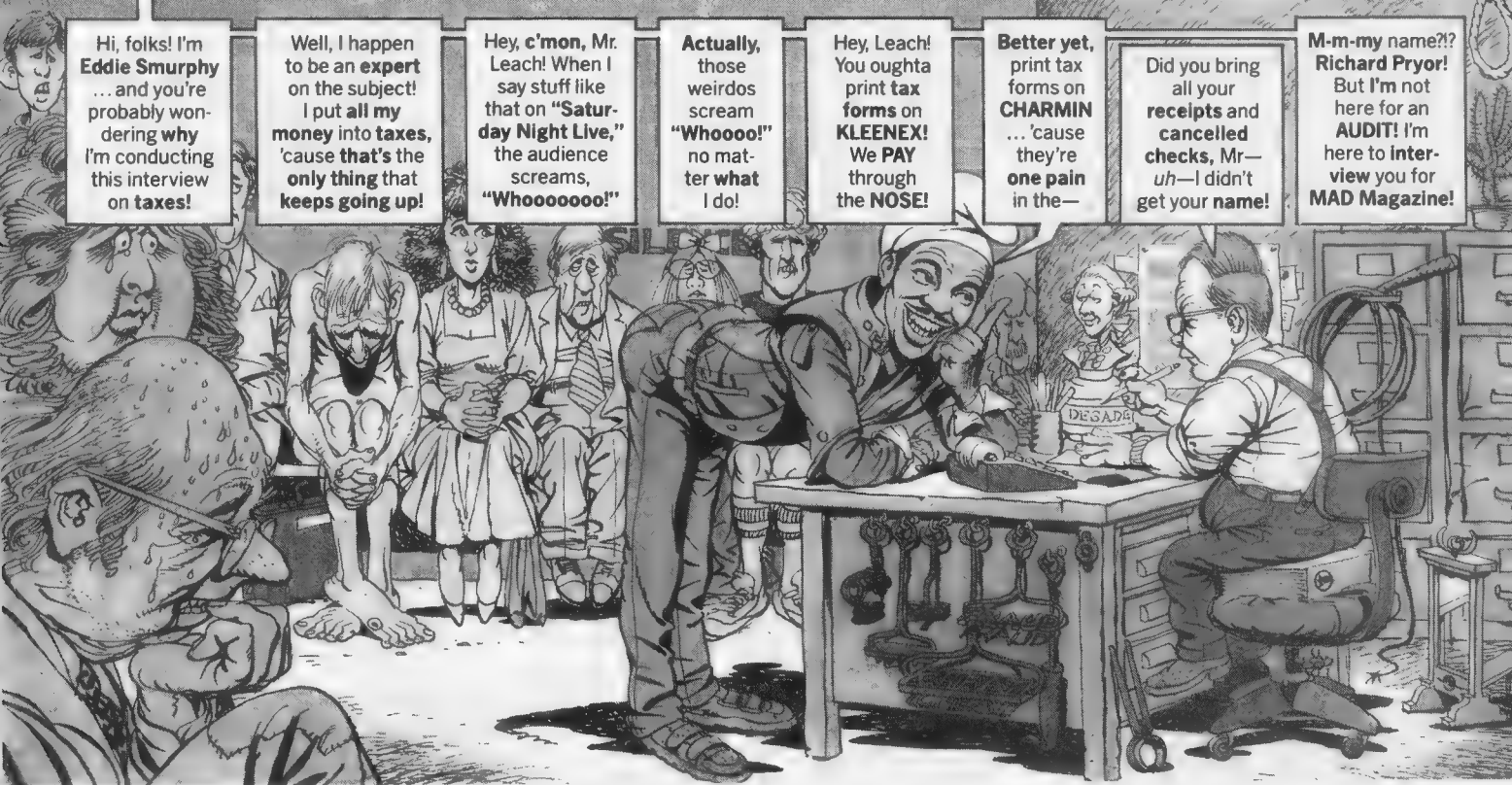
ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES





Who is the most feared person in the world? No, it's not an international terrorist or a Mafia hit man or a guy who can push the button and start a nuclear war! It's a boring, wimpy little accountant who happens to be a man from the I.R.S.! And why does this mild-mannered little guy strike terror into the hearts of even the bravest of men? To find the answer, we bring you another fearless, hard-hitting, no-holds-barred interview ... this one with Mr. Shylock Leach who has been selected as

MAD'S I.R.S. AGENT OF THE YEAR



Hi, folks! I'm Eddie Smurphy ... and you're probably wondering why I'm conducting this interview on taxes!

Well, I happen to be an expert on the subject! I put all my money into taxes, 'cause that's the only thing that keeps going up!

Hey, c'mon, Mr. Leach! When I say stuff like that on "Saturday Night Live," the audience screams, "Whoooooo!"

Actually, those weirdos scream "Whooooo!" no matter what I do!

Hey, Leach! You oughta print tax forms on KLEENEX! We PAY through the NOSE!

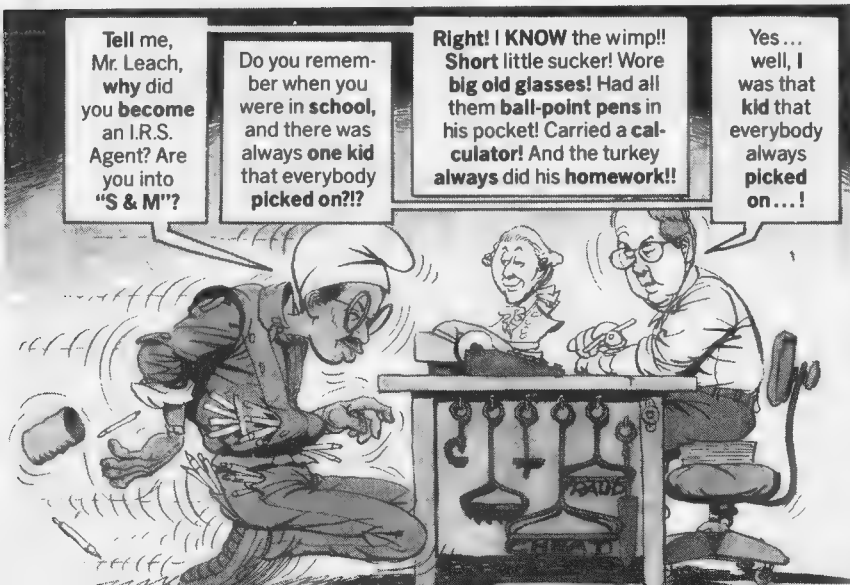
Better yet, print tax forms on CHARMIN ... 'cause they're one pain in the—

Did you bring all your receipts and cancelled checks, Mr—uh—I didn't get your name!

M-m-my name?? Richard Pryor! But I'm not here for an AUDIT! I'm here to interview you for MAD Magazine!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

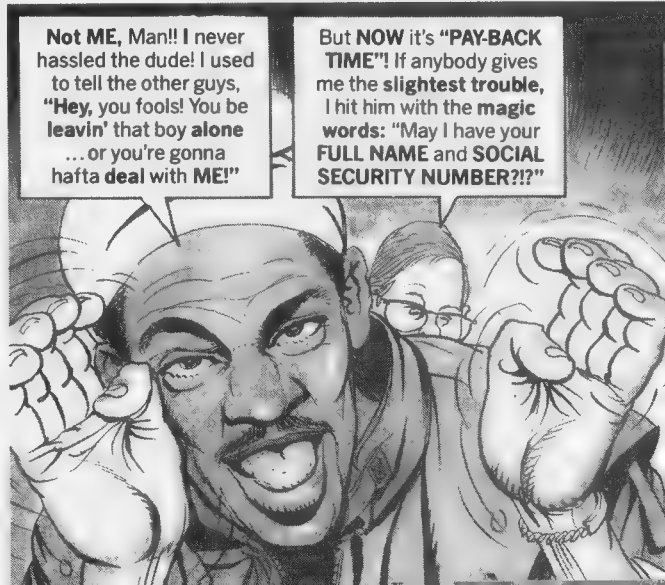


Tell me, Mr. Leach, why did you become an I.R.S. Agent? Are you into "S & M"?

Do you remember when you were in school, and there was always one kid that everybody picked on?!!

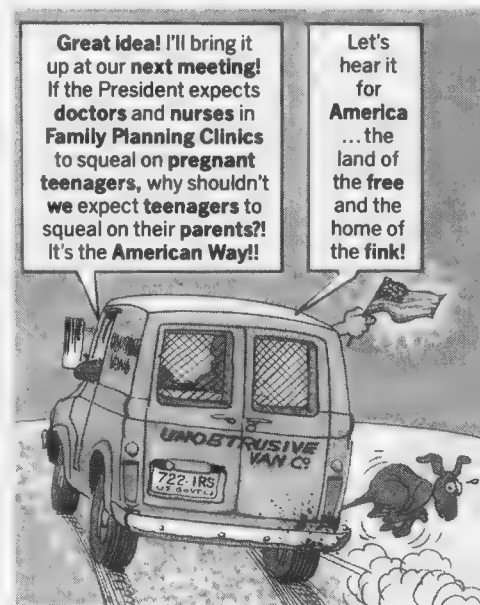
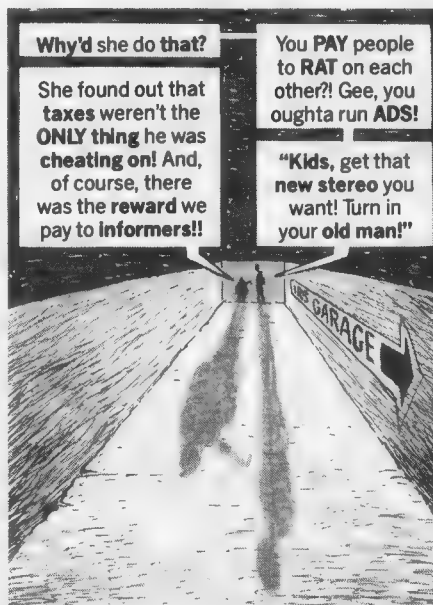
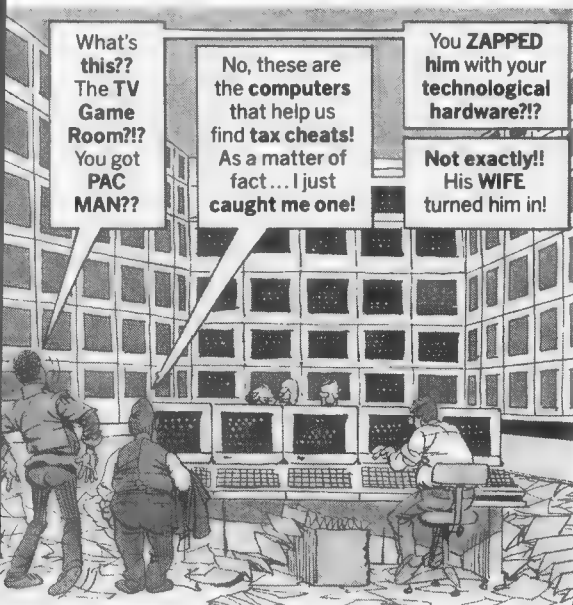
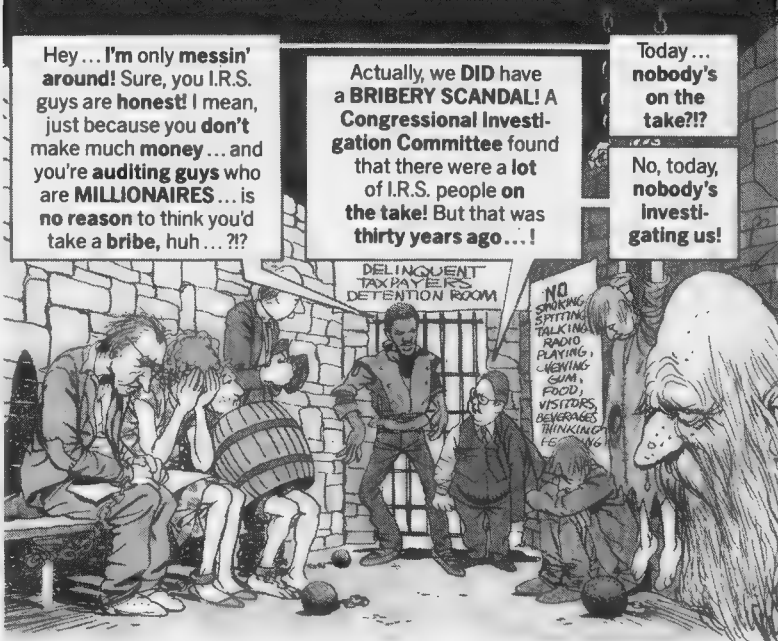
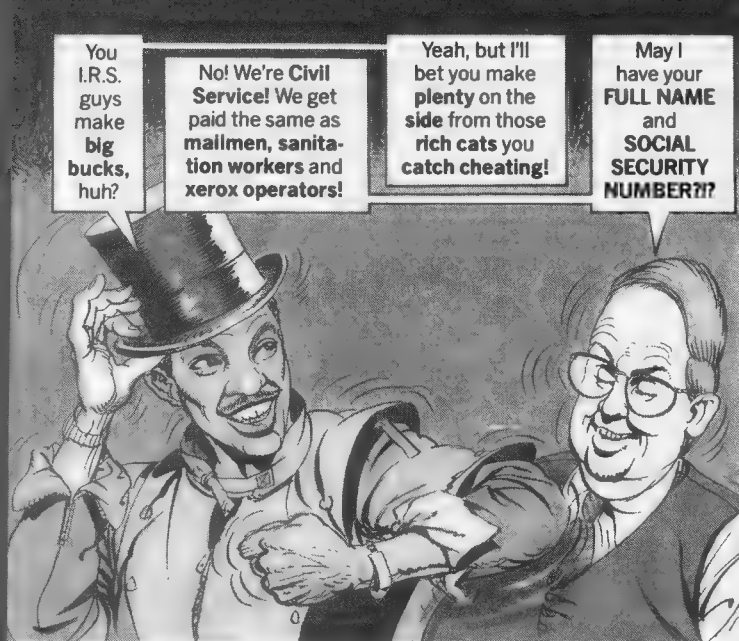
Right! I KNOW the wimp!! Short little sucker! Wore big old glasses! Had all them ball-point pens in his pocket! Carried a calculator! And the turkey always did his homework!!

Yes ... well, I was that kid that everybody always picked on ...!



Not ME, Man!! I never hassled the dude! I used to tell the other guys, "Hey, you fools! You be leavin' that boy alone ... or you're gonna hafta deal with ME!"

But NOW it's "PAY-BACK TIME"! If anybody gives me the slightest trouble, I hit him with the magic words: "May I have your FULL NAME and SOCIAL SECURITY NUMBER?!"





Now you're bugging the guy's phone? Don't you ever watch TV...? You can't use that stuff in Court!!

Who said anything about Court?! All we want is the poor slob's money! Off the record, I have a quota to meet! The more loot we bring in, the faster we get promoted!

I'm with the Government! I'd like to see Mr. A. Giblet's bank records!

Sorry! That information is confidential! You'll need a Court Order!

YOU'RE FRIENDLY BANK

I have something even better—my I.R.S. card! Now, what did you say your name was...?

Uh... I'm always glad to cooperate with the I.R.S.! Here are Mr. Giblet's complete banking records... including his Christmas Club, his wife's checking account, his kids' savings accounts, and a brand new toaster... just for you!

No trip to the bank is complete without a FREE gift... heh-heh!

Man, you sure scared that turkey at the bank!

Intimidation is an important part of our operation!

I dig! Same thing in our neighborhood!

I only took records! I HAVE the power to seize a person's bank accounts, his house, his car and everything he owns!!

Man, just wait till the brothers hear about this... LEGALIZED LOOTING!!

Besides using paid informers... where ELSE do you get tips on people...?

We read the newspapers!

I know that newspapers list a lot of stuff... like "The Top Ten"... but TAX CHEATS...?!

We check out the Society Page to see who threw an expensive bash! Then we look up the guy's return to see if he can afford it on his "declared income"!

Man... the next time that I party, I'm sure not gonna tell The National Enquirer!

We also check to see who was robbed!

Here's a house that was burglarized! The victim claims that the thieves took "a half a million in jewelry"!

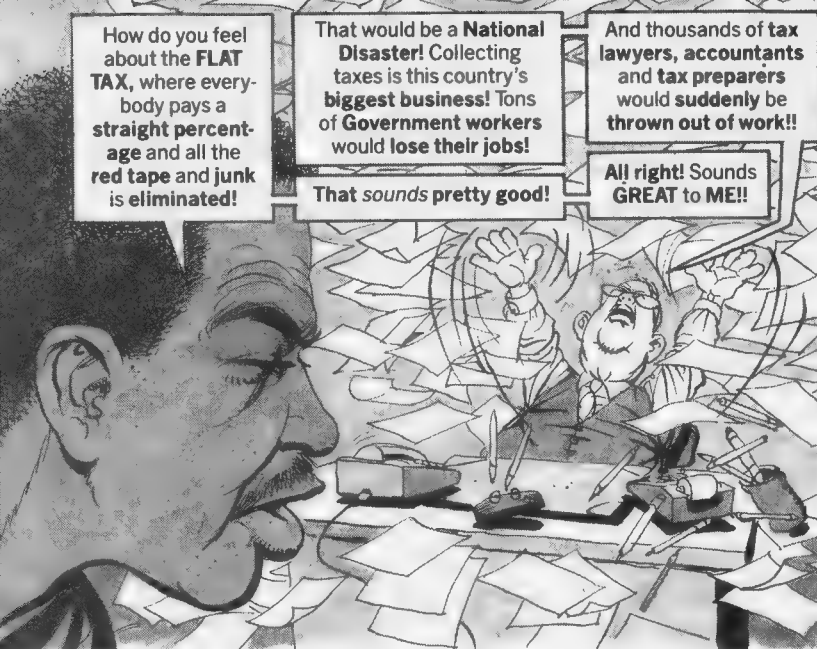
Now, according to his 1040, there's no way he could have that much loot! I'll just call him in for an audit!

You mean, after the man's been RIPPED OFF, you're gonna do it to him again!?

You better believe it! It's little things like THIS that makes this job WORTHWHILE!

Today, taxpayers have it easy! Why, back in Ancient Egypt, they whipped delinquent taxpayers! And in Rome, they used to torture their tax cheaters!

From what I hear, the rack would be a piece of cake compared to an I.R.S. audit!



How do you feel about the **FLAT TAX**, where everybody pays a **straight percentage** and all the **red tape** and **junk** is **eliminated**!

That would be a **National Disaster**! Collecting taxes is this country's **biggest business**! Tons of **Government workers** would **lose their jobs**!

That **sounds pretty good**!

And thousands of **tax lawyers, accountants** and **tax preparers** would **suddenly be thrown out of work**!!

All right! Sounds **GREAT** to ME!!

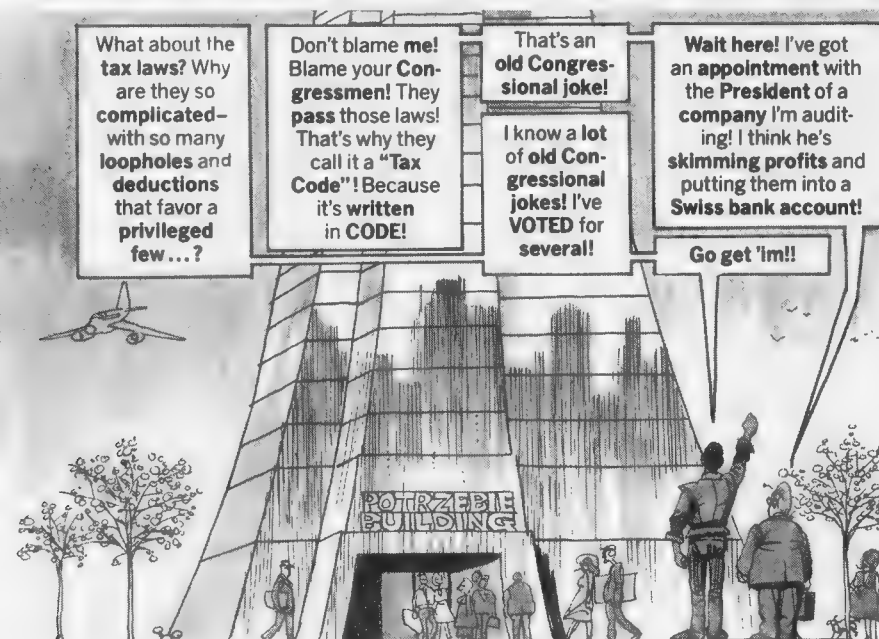


But with the **Flat Tax**, the **Government** would **STILL** get its **money**!

It's **not** just the **money**! Making **Tax-payers** suffer by filling out **forms** they don't understand is as **American** as **apple pie**!

Do you **I.R.S. guys** really understand all these forms?

Of course **not**! But it **doesn't matter**—because the **taxpayers** **THINK** we do!



What about the **tax laws**? Why are they so **complicated**—with so many **loopholes** and **deductions** that favor a **privileged few**...?

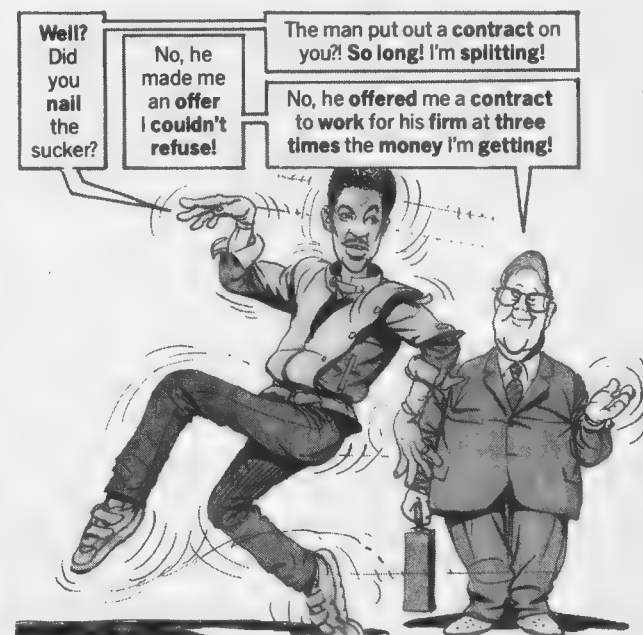
Don't blame me! Blame your **Congressmen**! They **pass** those laws! That's why they call it a "**Tax Code**"! Because it's written in **CODE**!

That's an **old Congressional** joke!

I know a lot of **old Congressional** jokes! I've **VOTED** for several!

Wait here! I've got an **appointment** with the **President** of a **company** I'm **auditing**! I think he's **skimming profits** and putting them into a **Swiss bank account**!

Go get 'em!!

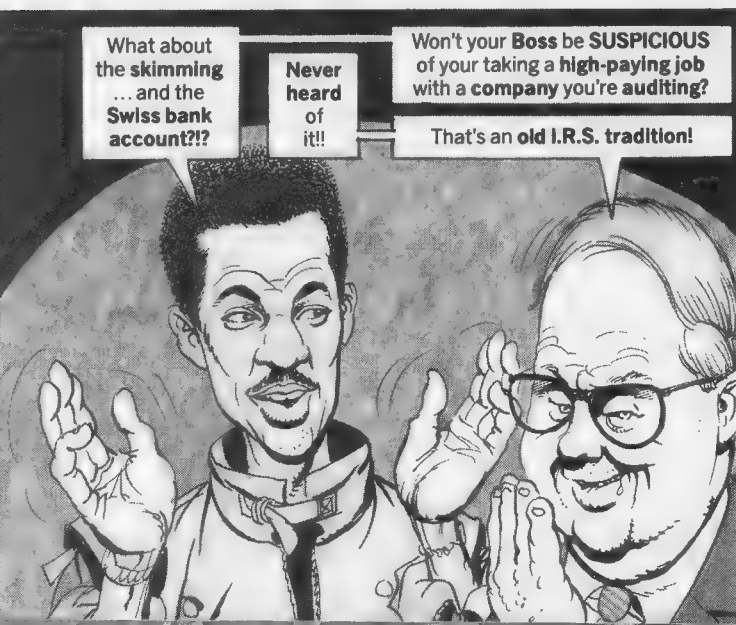


Well? Did you **nailed** the **sucker**?

No, he made me an **offer** I **couldn't** **refuse**!

The man put out a **contract** on you?! So long! I'm **splitting**!

No, he **offered** me a **contract** to **work** for his **firm** at **three times** the **money** I'm **getting**!

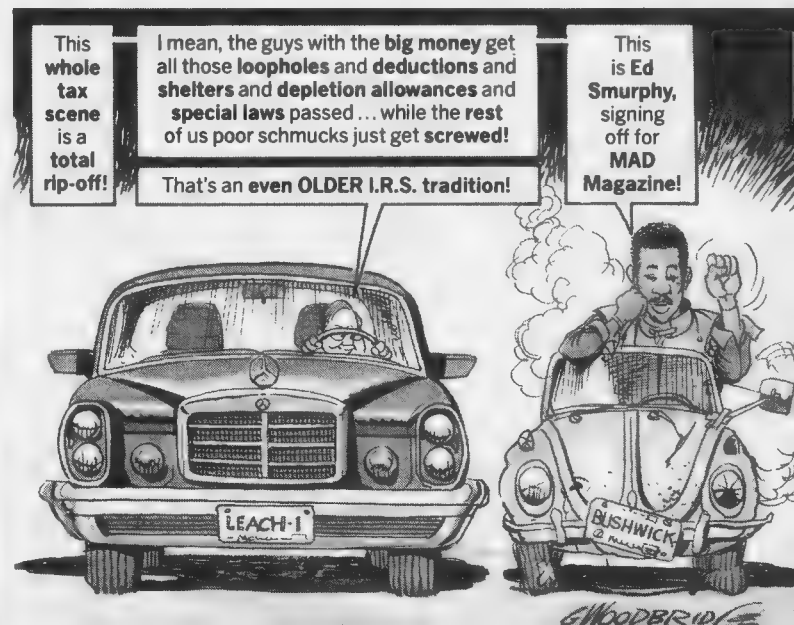


What about the **skimming**... and the **Swiss bank account**!?

Never heard of it!!

Won't your **Boss** be **SUSPICIOUS** of your taking a **high-paying job** with a **company** you're **auditing**?

That's an **old I.R.S. tradition**!



This **whole tax scene** is a **total rip-off**!

I mean, the guys with the **big money** get all those **loopholes** and **deductions** and **shelters** and **depletion allowances** and **special laws** passed... while the rest of us poor schmucks just get **screwed**!

That's an **even OLDER I.R.S. tradition**!

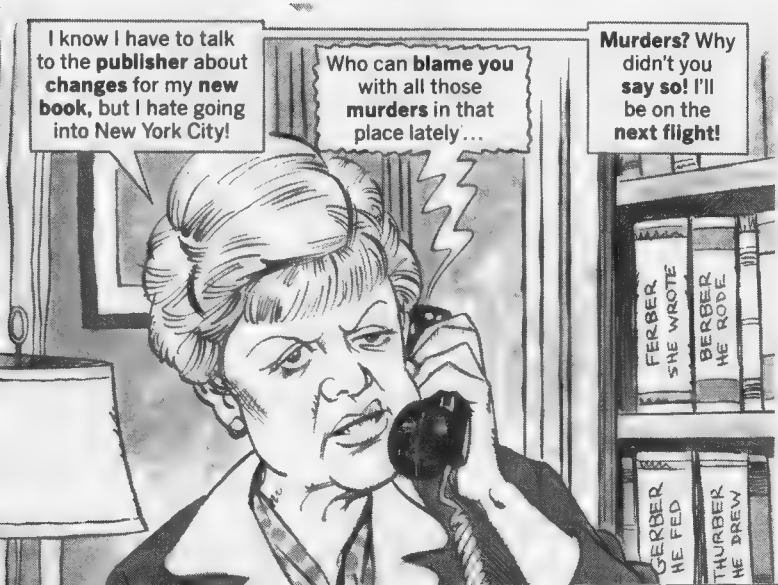
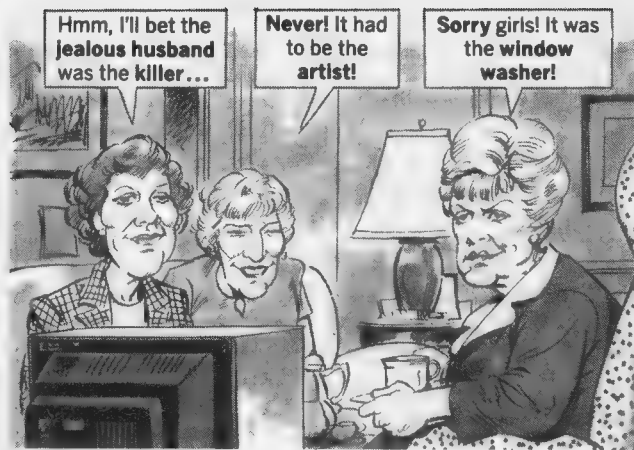
This is **Ed Smurphy**, signing off for **MAD Magazine**!

WOODBRIDGE

MURDER SHE HOPES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

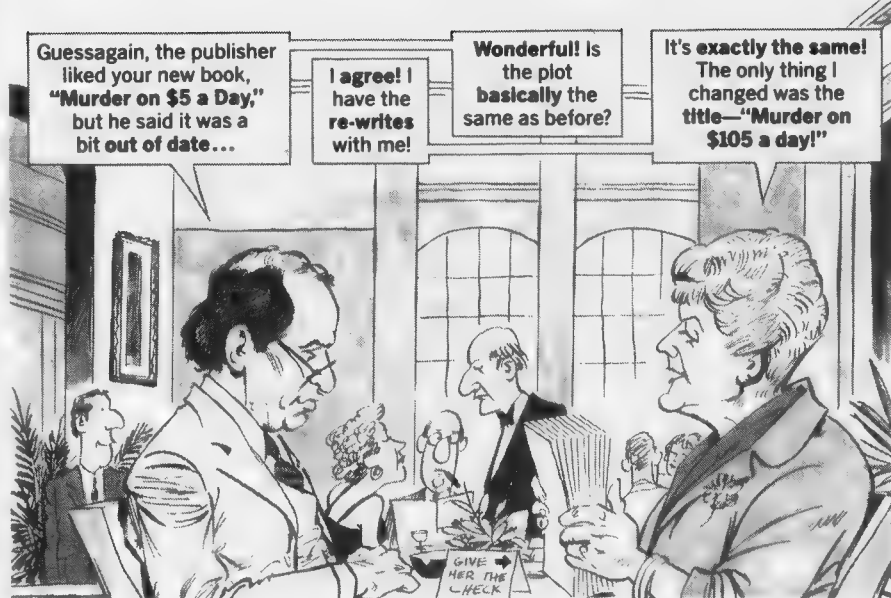
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES





This sure is one exciting murder mystery! I bet the artist is the killer...

You're on! A free room for two nights or double the rates says it was the window washer!

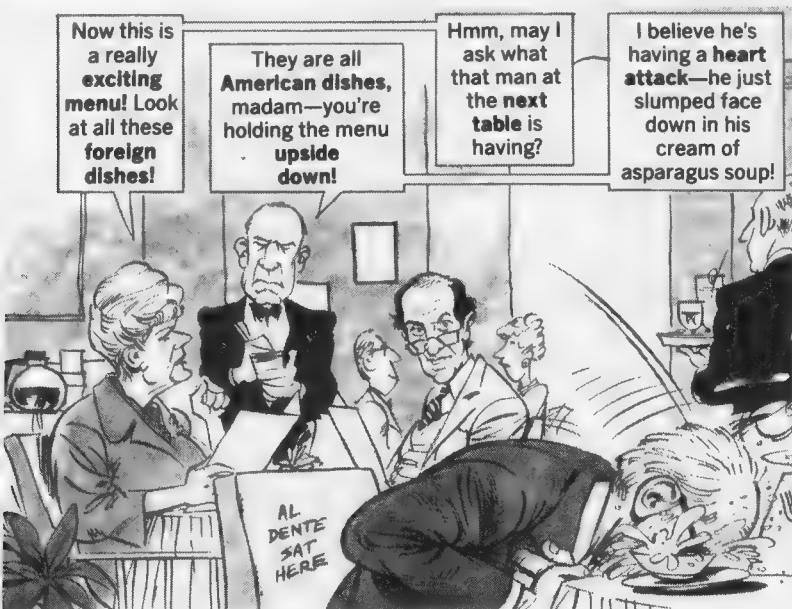


Guess again, the publisher liked your new book, "Murder on \$5 a Day," but he said it was a bit out of date...

I agree! I have the re-writes with me!

Wonderful! Is the plot basically the same as before?

It's exactly the same! The only thing I changed was the title—"Murder on \$105 a day!"

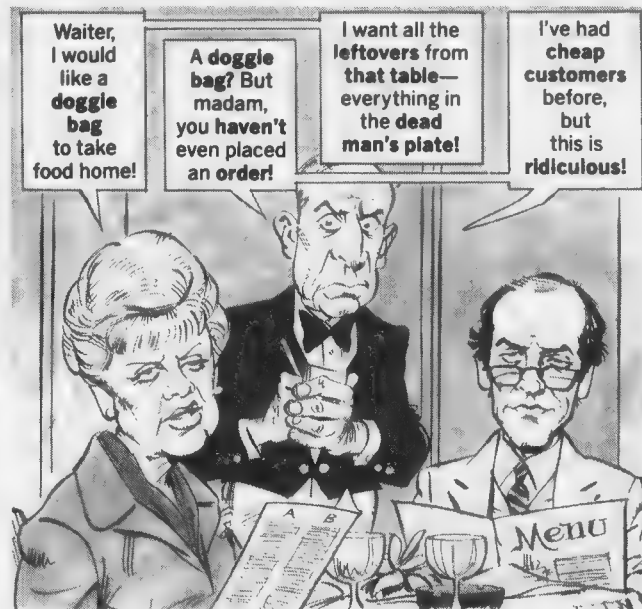


Now this is a really exciting menu! Look at all these foreign dishes!

They are all American dishes, madam—you're holding the menu upside down!

Hmm, may I ask what that man at the next table is having?

I believe he's having a heart attack—he just slumped face down in his cream of asparagus soup!

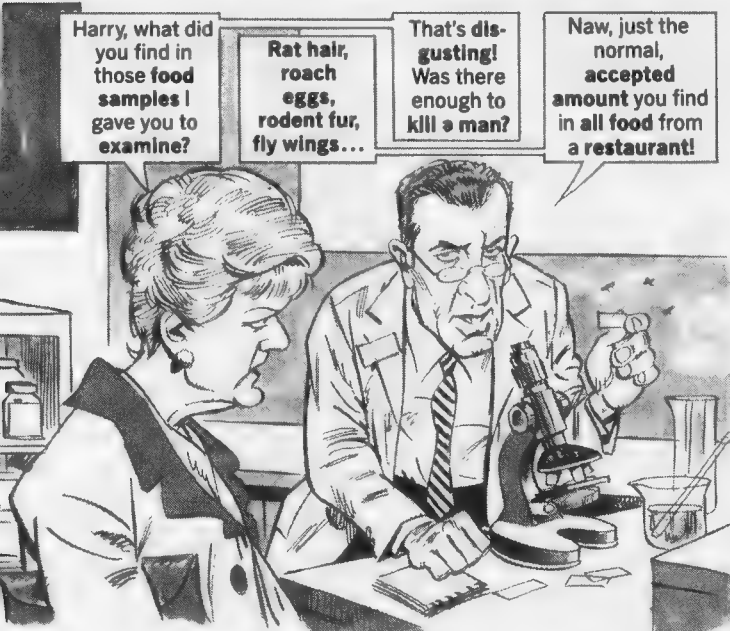


Waiter, I would like a doggie bag to take food home!

A doggie bag? But madam, you haven't even placed an order!

I want all the leftovers from that table—everything in the dead man's plate!

I've had cheap customers before, but this is ridiculous!

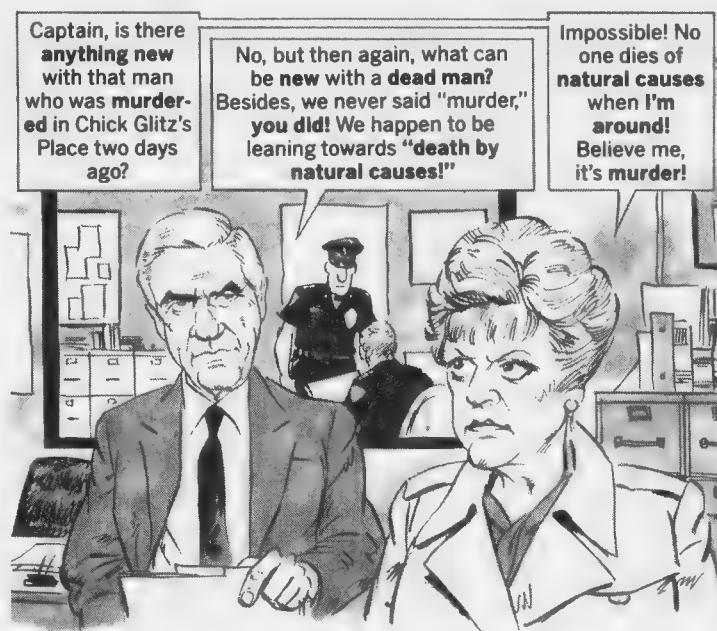


Harry, what did you find in those food samples I gave you to examine?

Rat hair, roach eggs, rodent fur, fly wings...

That's disgusting! Was there enough to kill a man?

Naw, just the normal, accepted amount you find in all food from a restaurant!



Captain, is there anything new with that man who was murdered in Chick Glitz's Place two days ago?

No, but then again, what can be new with a dead man? Besides, we never said "murder," you did! We happen to be leaning towards "death by natural causes!"

Impossible! No one dies of natural causes when I'm around! Believe me, it's murder!



What's your interest in this case, anyway?

Well, sir, I certainly hold no official capacity, but I do write murder mysteries! That gives me some expertise about searching for clues and motives and such...

Well, let me tell you there's a big difference between the fiction you write and the facts of a real case!

Yes, I know—all my crimes get solved!

Guess again, the publisher liked your changes, but they felt their team of editors should make one drastic change...

I hope they didn't wreck my work!

No, they just changed the title to, "Murder On \$505 A Day!"

For that they needed a "team?" Those poor dears are terribly over-worked!

Waiter, am I mistaken, or is that man at the next table dead?

My gosh—I do believe you're right!

Hmm, is it just coincidental that this is the second time I've eaten here and also the second time someone died during the meal? What are you going to do about that?

I suppose we'll begin a new policy where the check is paid before the meal is served!

The restaurant's books and the background of every employee have been checked out! I've listed every conceivable motive! The only purely scientific procedure left is to throw a dart at that wall!

"Whosoever this dart shall land, that will be the guilty hand!"

Captain, we do have "smoking" and "non-smoking" sections, but asking me to install "death" and "no death" sections is totally absurd!

Be with you in a second! I just want to see if the jealous husband is the killer!

My instincts tell me it's the window washer, but that's easy for a pro like me! Let's line up everyone and have a real life murder solution!

Mr. Brandes, you own this building! If you could force the restaurant to fold, you'd be free to lease this space to a new rental for 10 times the amount you're now getting!

That would make me a dishonest landlord, and everyone knows there are no dishonest landlords in New York so your accusations are absurd, turkey!

One turkey...

Mr. Ames, as head chef who has recently accepted a **partnership** role with a new restaurant opening across the street, you might just want to **dissuade customers** from coming here so that your own place will benefit!

If I wanted to drive people away from here, all I'd have to do is let them know what I put into the meatloaf!

That's one meatloaf!



And you, Mr. Kelbeck—weren't you given two week's notice last Friday? Both deaths have occurred since then! Perhaps you're trying to get even with your boss for firing you!

Baloney!

One baloney coming!

POT R ZEBIE

THE POT THICKENS



And what about you, Mr. Hyman? As half-owner of this place, you've been trying to buy out your partner for 2 years! Maybe he'd finally sell—and for a much lower price—if the business faltered because of your spitework...

I've got a Sprite working! With baloney, turkey, meatloaf...

You're full of beans, lady!

You got that? Beans, baloney, Sprite, meatloaf, turkey!

Cheeseburger! Cheeseburger! No Sprite! Only Pepsi! Pepsi!



We need a coffee on table six, and a coffin on table number seven!

Oh, no! The killer has struck again! And look—The same guy is leaving the dead person's table as last time! That's a tad suspicious, don't you think, Captain? I'll follow him...

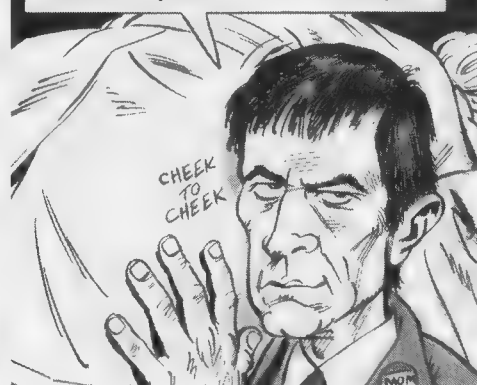
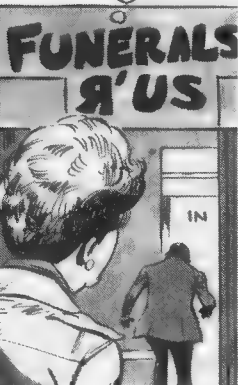


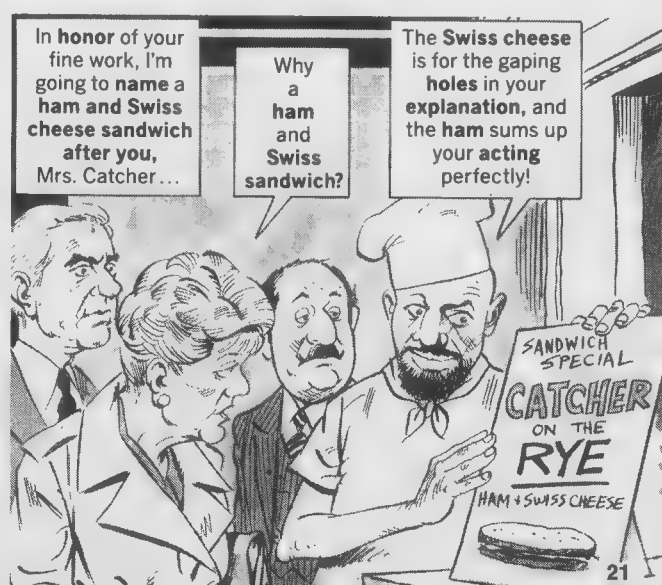
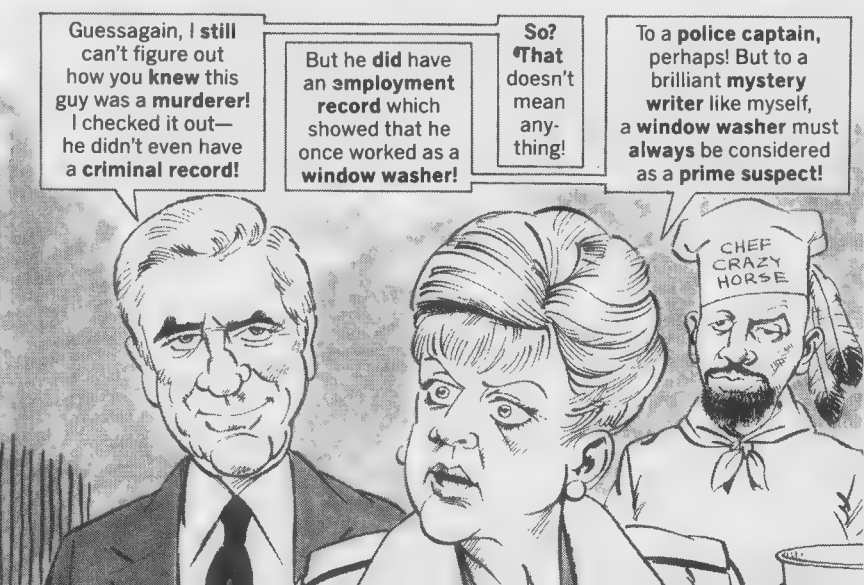
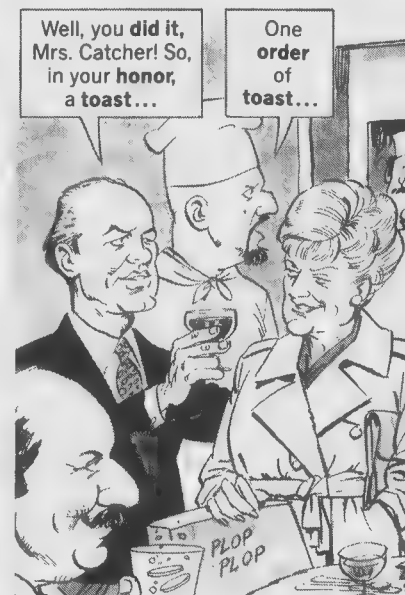
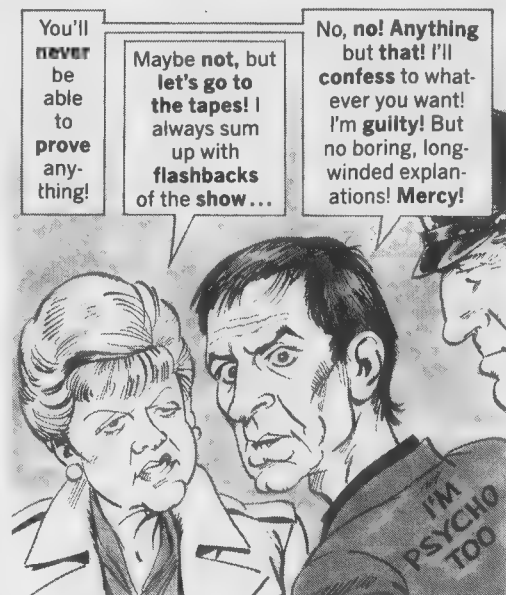
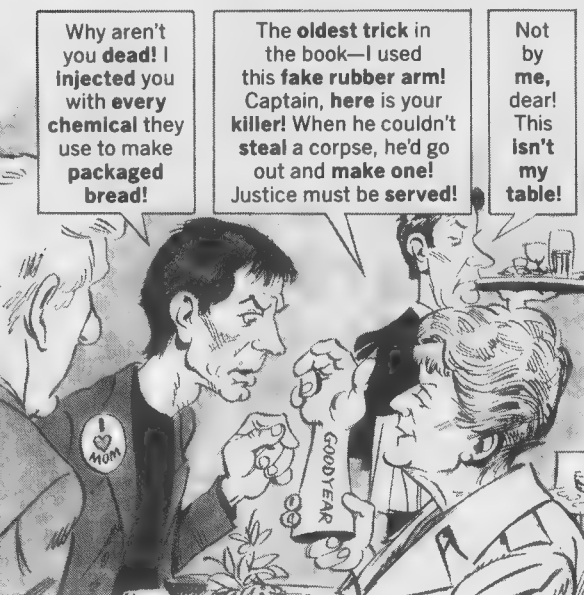
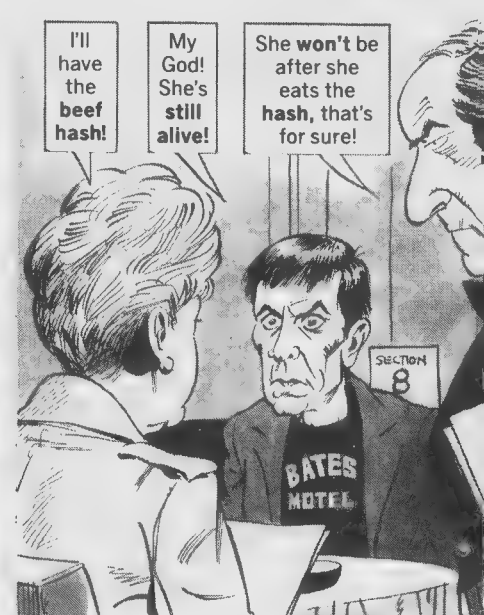
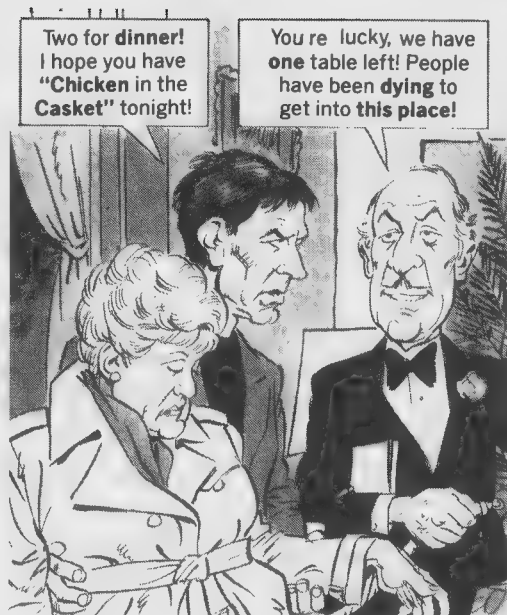
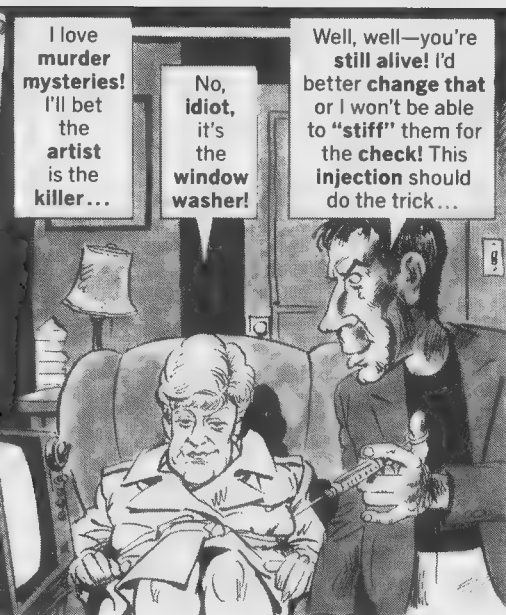
He's going into "Funerals 'R Us!"

Boy, Los Angeles has really had an influence on the east coast! Look at this list of options! I'll play dead and see what this guy does!

What a break! Somebody must have just dropped off this corpse! I don't even have to steal one from the cremation room! I'll take her home with me until dinner time!

You're probably wondering how I can afford to take you to my favorite restaurant! Well, after I've eaten my meal, I just let you fall into your plate! Then, while everyone goes crazy because of your "death," I sneak out! Who needs Master Charge! Master Corpse is a helluva lot cheaper!





Most storytellers bring a *little* of themselves to the stories they tell. Others bring way too

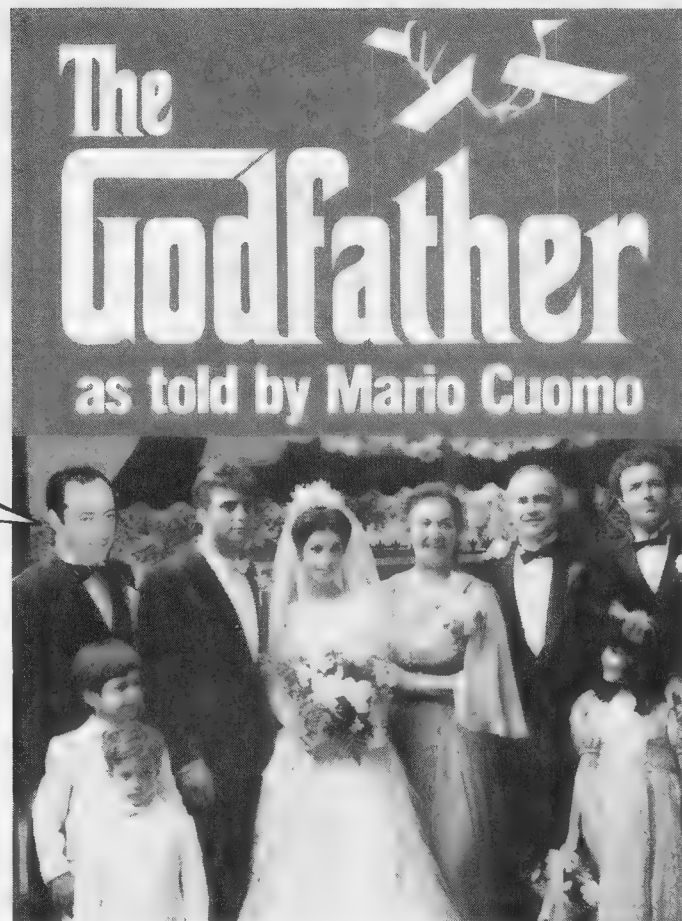
FAMOUS STORIES AS TOLD

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

Once upon a time there was an Italian-American named Don Corleone. Mr. Corleone was a successful olive oil importer. He was called Godfather because he was always being asked to be the Godfather of the children of his many friends and employees. The key to Mr. Corleone's success in business was his relationships with his customers. He made them offers they couldn't refuse. When Don Corleone died peacefully in his tomato patch, his son, Michael, inherited the family business.

During the war Michael was a marine and he received many decorations for bravery. But because he was from New York and was of Italian descent, a group of politicians accused this war hero of being involved in something called the "MAFIA." Michael, naturally, was cleared.

He sold the family olive oil business and bought several hotels in Las Vegas. Michael would like his son to go into politics because he wants to prove that any American can be elected to national office, even if his last name ends in a vowel.



The Color Purple

as told by Sen. Jesse Helms



There was this nigra family livin' in the sovereign state of Georgia. They were your typical colored folks, they was into incest and havin' illegitimate babies and puttin' on airs. For example, the husband, Mister, insisted his wife Celie call him "Mister," when we all know he shoulda been called "Boy."

The nigra women folk used to go to church on Sunday and pray to our white God, which shows you how benevolent He is. Celie's sister, Nettie, went to Africa to be a missionary, which is a fine place for colored folks to go.

Mister treated Celie like a slave, which gets me to thinkin' that maybe the nigras really didn't object to slavery at all. Too bad Lincoln didn't mind his own business. Besides beatin' on his wife, Mister had a few other good points, like he smoked tobacco and we all know that the good Lord gave us tobacco for everybody to enjoy, even blacks!

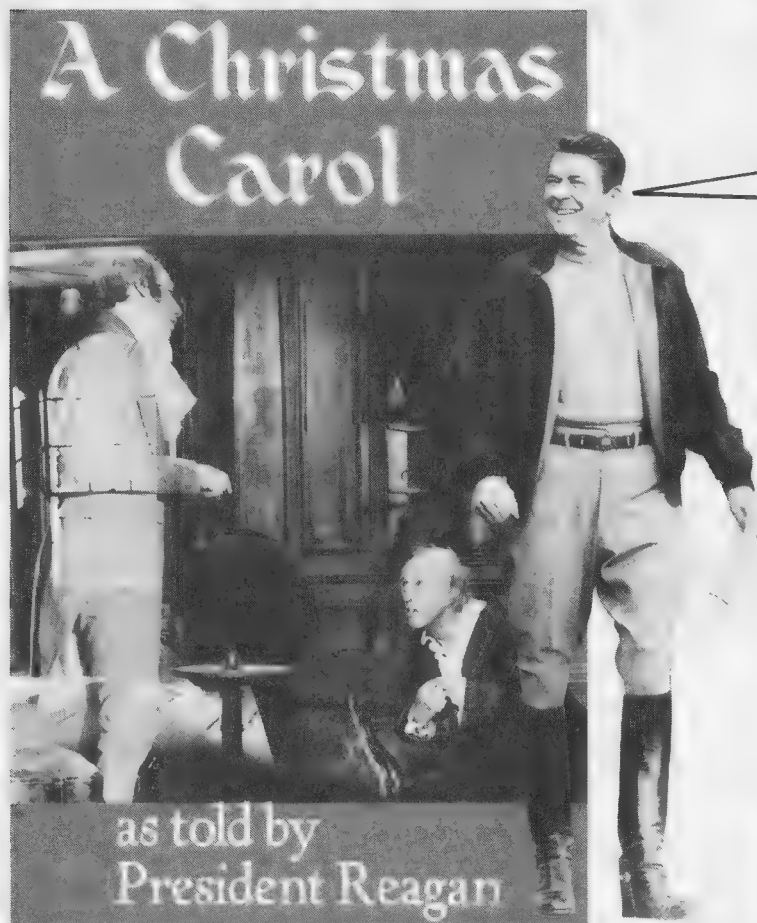
Celie got into the women's movement thing and of course, she became involved in an unnatural, disgustin' relationship which is what women's lib is all about.

Mister summed it all up by tellin' Celie, "You black, you poor, you ugly and you a woman." Shoot, I couldn't have put it better myself.

much of themselves to the stories they tell. You'll know what we mean after reading these...

TOLD BY FAMOUS PEOPLE

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



Ebenezer Scrooge was a hard working businessman. He employed Bob Cratchit as a clerk. Cratchit complained constantly. He wanted "more holidays," and "more money." He was always whining about the office being "too cold," and other such nonsense. It never occurred to Cratchit to roll up his sleeves and do an honest day's work or go to night school and pull himself up by his bootstraps. No, it was easier to complain.

When Christmas time came around the Cratchit family blamed Mr. Scrooge because they couldn't afford an elaborate dinner or expensive presents for their children.

On Christmas Eve, Mr. Scrooge had a terrible nightmare. He dreamt he was visited by his dead partner, Marley, and three ghosts. These ghosts, using Marxist-Lenin propaganda techniques, made Mr. Scrooge feel guilty because he was a success and Cratchit was a failure.

Mr. Scrooge allowed his own good fortune to trickle down by buying expensive gifts for the Cratchit children. He treated them to a fancy Christmas dinner and he paid their medical bills. Even though Cratchit received a fair salary, Mr. Scrooge gave him a raise, which only added to the inflationary spiral. I know this sounds familiar, because it's the same principle as our own welfare system—something for nothing—and it just doesn't work.

Well, we can only pray that next Christmas, Mr. Scrooge will be visited by three Conservative ghosts who will show him the error of his ways.

Yankee pride comes right from the top, the team owner. Naturally, Lou Gehrig was a ball player who knew the meaning of Yankee pride. Whether he was hurt or not, Lou played every day. He hit for average, he drove in plenty of runs and hit the long ball. Best of all, Lou's salary was less than I pay my groundskeepers today. Lou never asked to be traded or went crying to the press to complain about the owner. He was my kind of guy.

In many ways, Lou reminds me of myself. Yes, "the Boss" and "the Iron Horse" had a lot in common. Lou Gehrig and George Steinbrenner both had football backgrounds, we both wore our pinstripes with pride, we both knew what loyalty to our fans was all about and we were both proud to be Yankees—New York Yankees. I'm sure if Lou was still with us, he would be proud to be a New Jersey Yankee, if that's the way the ball happens to bounce.

I still get a lump in my throat when I think of Lou Gehrig Day. Yankee Stadium was packed and the owner didn't have to give away free bats or helmets. Now that's what I really call "Pride of the Yankees"!

The Pride Of The Yankees as told by George Steinbrenner



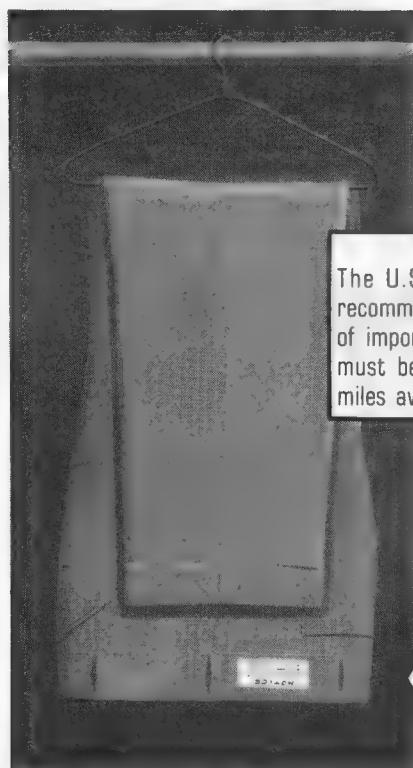
WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPT.

Recently, the government began requiring warning labels on certain products considered to be dangerous to our health, our wallets or our sensibilities. The first to appear were

those chilling notices on cigarette packs telling us that smoking can kill us. Since then, these labels have ranged from meaningless ("Warning! This medication contains bio-

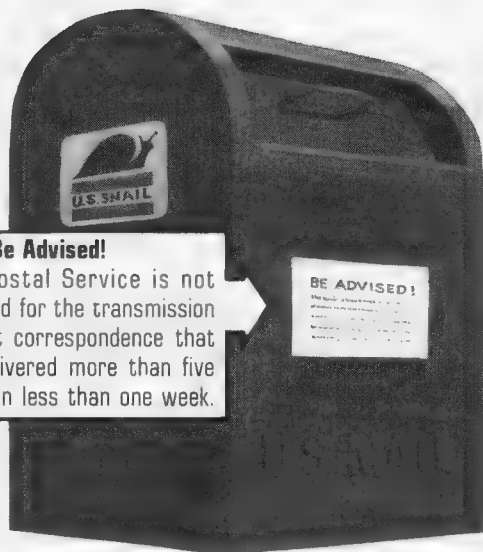
WARNING LABELS W

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



Be Advised!

The U.S. Postal Service is not recommended for the transmission of important correspondence that must be delivered more than five miles away in less than one week.



BE ADVISED!

NOTICE

These slacks have been cheaply sewn together in Taiwan, and should never be worn in any public place where having the seat of your pants split open might cause embarrassment.



FATTIES BEWARE!

Each glob of this sauce contains enough calories to add three full pounds to some portion of your widening body where you least want it to settle.



CAUTION!

Prospective puppy buyers should be aware that young dogs require training, which includes the blotting and picking up of disgusting stuff from your brand new carpets, and that grown dogs (which your puppy will hopefully be someday) require walking in all kinds of bad weather at least twice a day for their complete 12-to-15 year lifespan. So think it over.

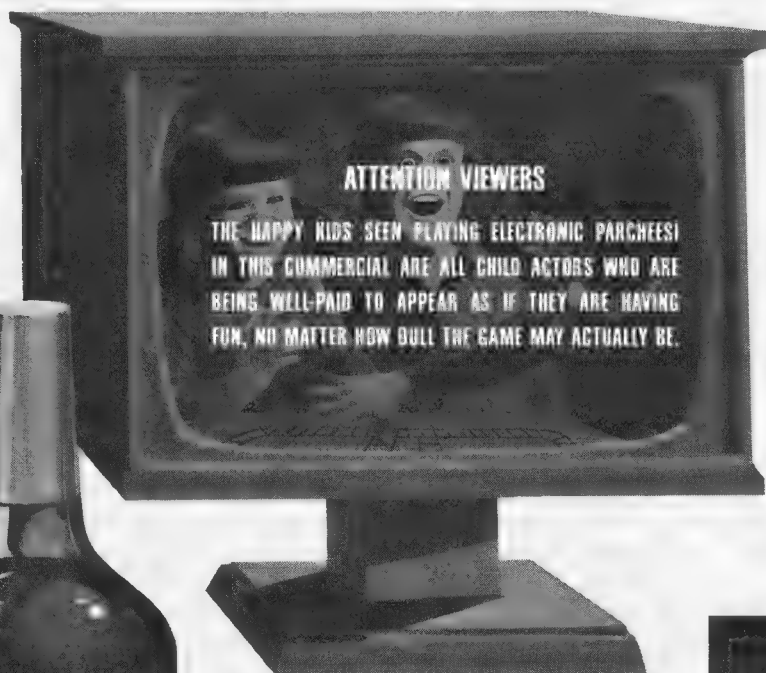
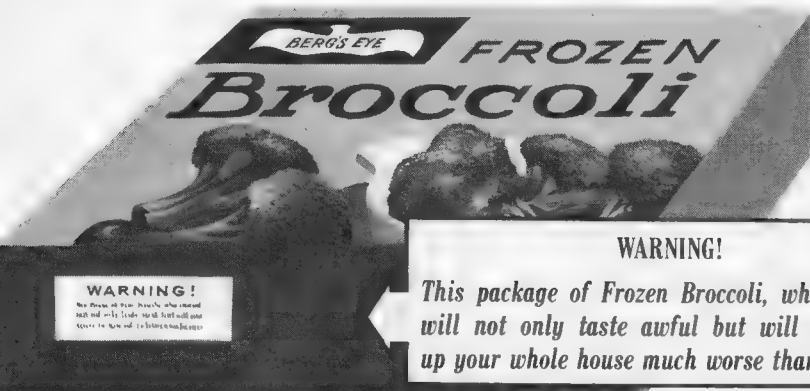


sulfuric enzymes.") to ridiculous ("Note: The EPA mileage rating for this car is not what you can expect from normal driving.") Despite this flood of questionable labels, MAD

feels there are still many unregulated items that consumers should be cautioned about. Frankly, we won't consider ourselves protected until they pass laws requiring these

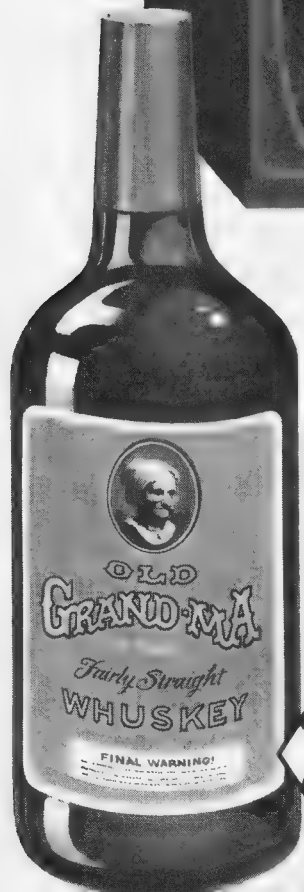
E DESPERATELY NEED

WRITER: TOM KOCH



TAKE HEED!

This book contains much tamer sexy parts than the cover illustration would lead you to believe, and it certainly isn't lewd enough for the dedicated porno fancier who wants something really raunchy.

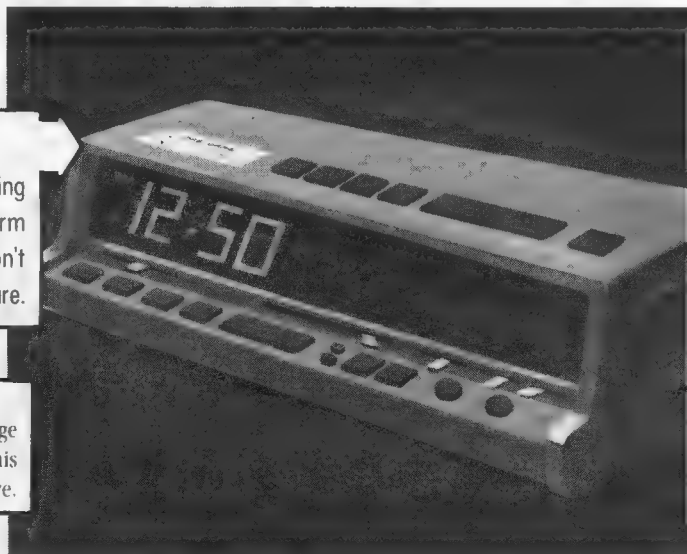


TAKE CARE!

You need a Master's Degree in Computer Engineering to fully understand all the buttons on this alarm clock to get it to function properly so you won't oversleep and lose your job and end up on welfare.

FINAL WARNING!

Excessive boozing has been found to cause brain damage and liver rot. Therefore, if you plan to consume this product, the Surgeon General says to tell you goodbye.



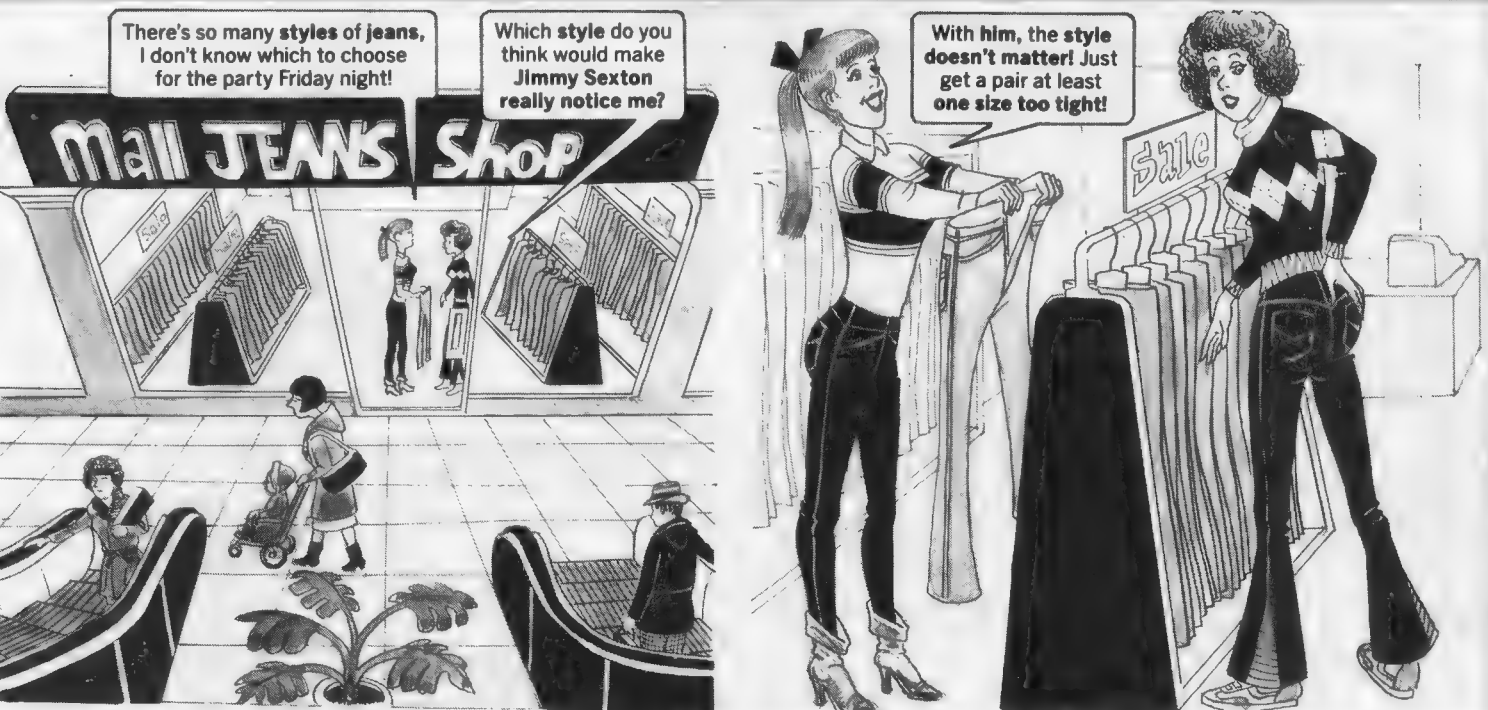
PUMPING IRON



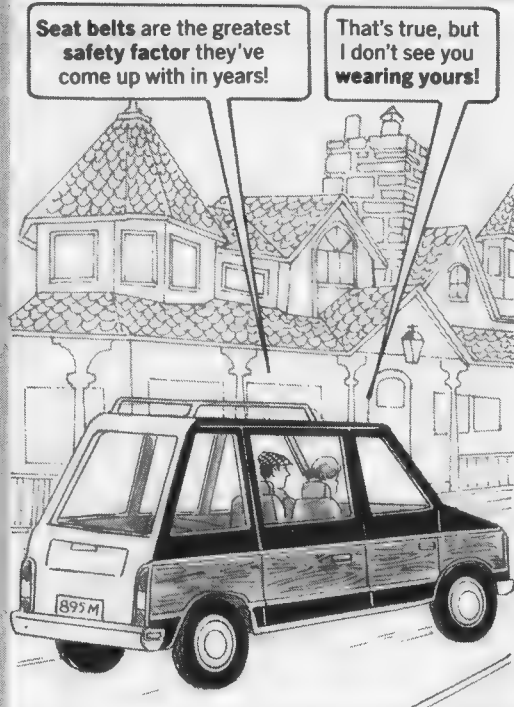
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

CLOTHES



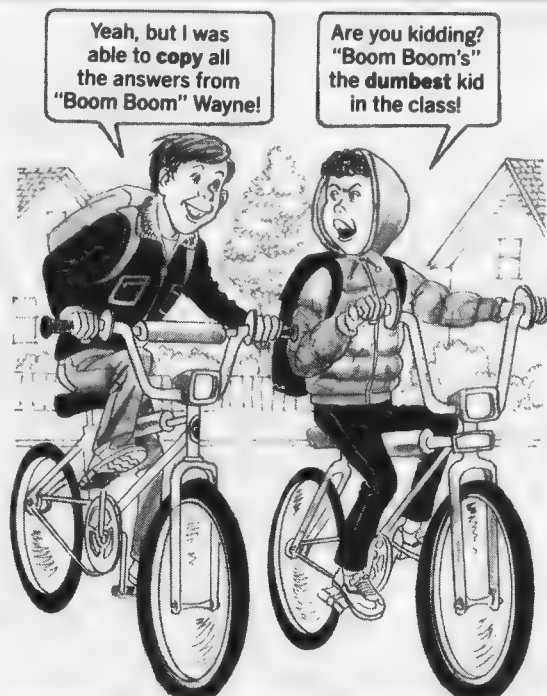
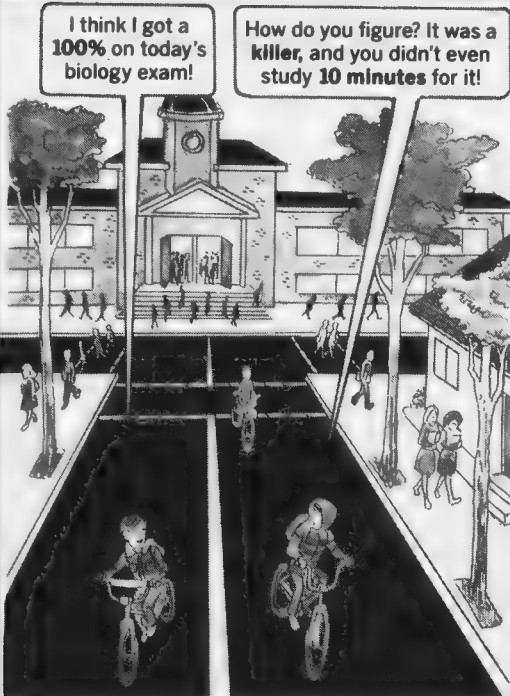
DRIVING



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

EXAMS



OBSESSION



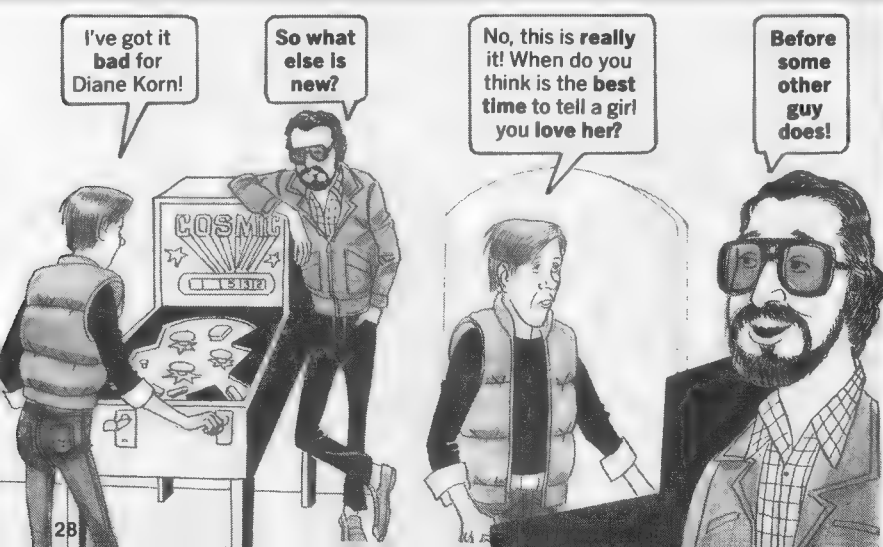
SPENDING



DEDUCTIONS



LOVE



RESPONSIBILITY



TELEVISION

Yes, mam! How would you like your rice, steamed, fried, boiled ...

Thrown!

Great! Just in time to watch the game!

Hmmm, that reminds me...

...I haven't done my vacuuming yet!

SELF-EFFACEMENT

How about birth control pills?

Only if they don't work!

I was always my own severest critic...

Until I met Gall and we got married!

Boy, you really know how to use the shovel! What a crock!

Listen, wise guy, I didn't say anything that wasn't true!

You mean they really gave you a key to the executive washroom?

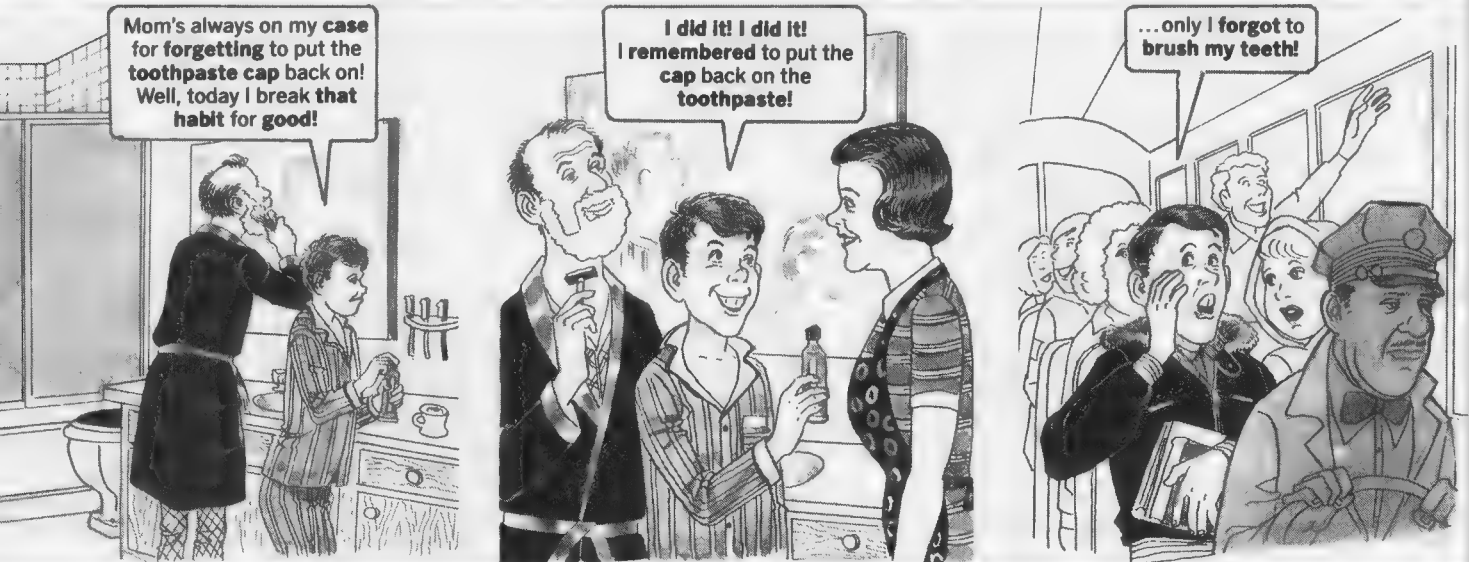
Damn right...

...how else was I going to clean it?

GOLF



HABITS



DOCTORS





**SCARR
THE DA
RA
ALIEN
HON
MOTHE
SPY W
RO**

**RED FACE
AY AFTER
MBO
VATORS
IE FU!
R GOOSE
/S. SPY
CKY**

VIOL

Abandon Hope All

ENCE!

Ye Who Read Here...

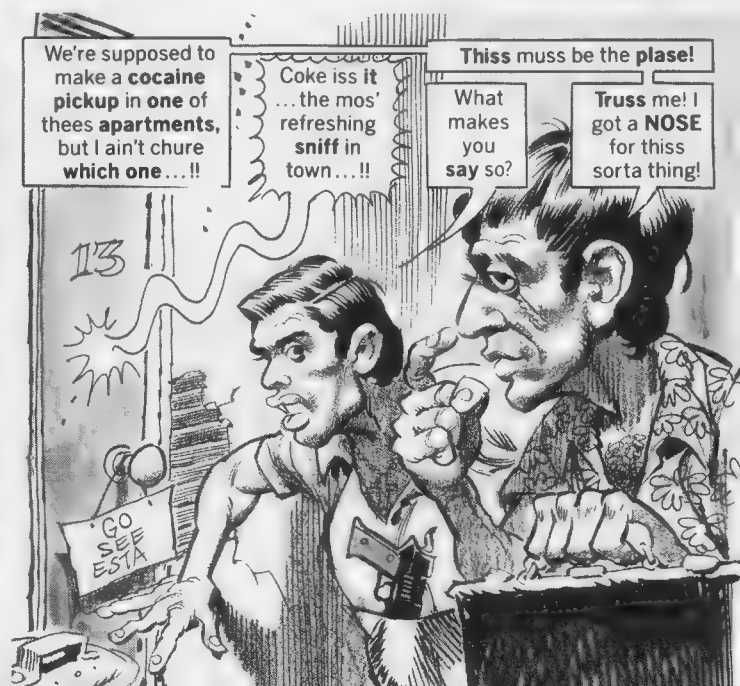
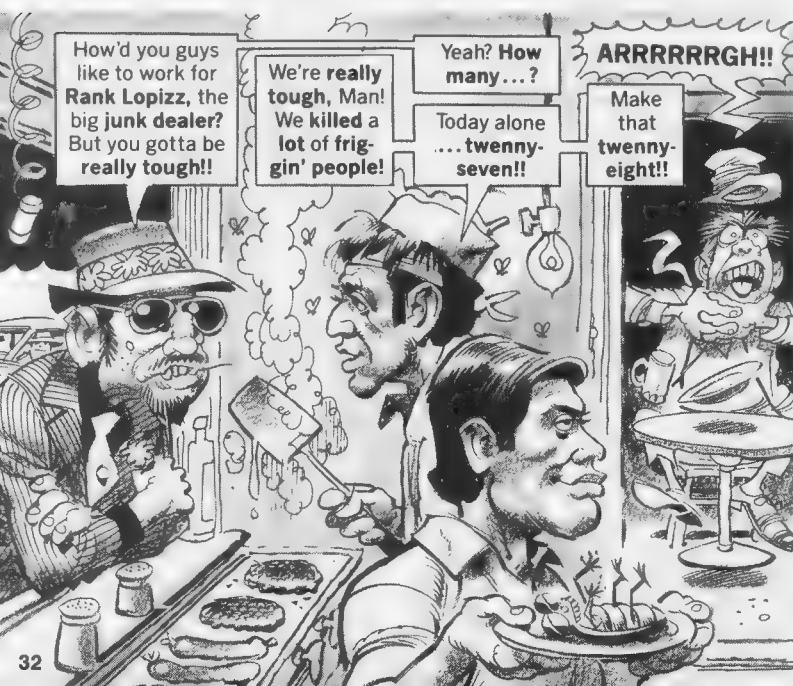
SNORT SUBJECT DEPT.

Some time ago, a promising young film star rose to new heights portraying a brilliant Italian-American college graduate who takes over a huge criminal empire. Now, more than ten years later, this same film star sinks to new lows portraying a sick, amoral Cuban junkie who takes over another huge criminal empire. In real life, this would be called "degeneracy." In Hollywood, this is called "progress." Anyway, here's our version of—

SCAR



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



RED FACE



Listen, I got beeg dreams, Bebbie! Some day, all of thiss weel be YOURS!!

THISS...?!? Feefty dirty tents...an' ninety tons of street crap?!?

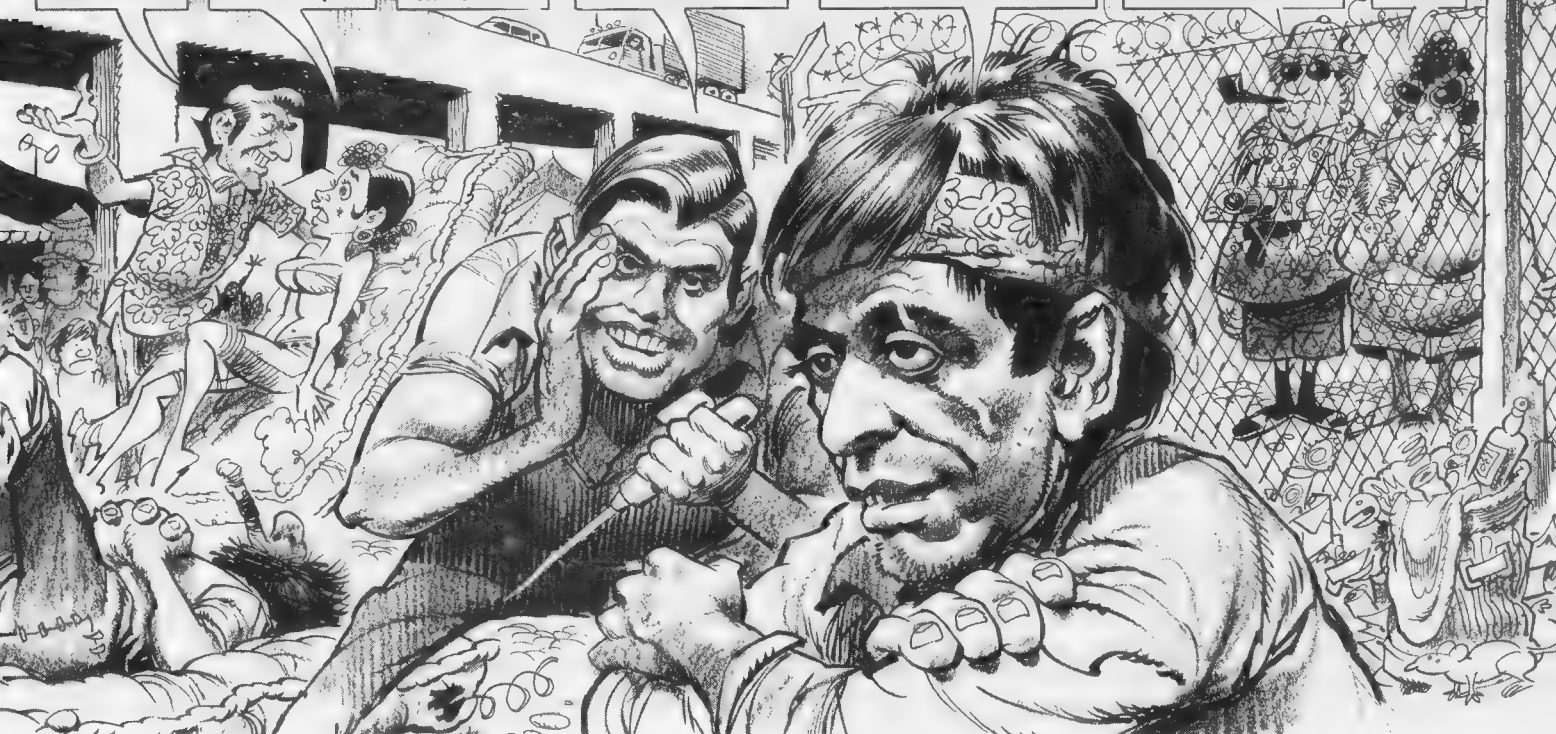
I said I had BEEG dreams, Bebbie...!! I never said I had TER-RIFIC ones!

Iss all set, Toadie! Rank Lopizz says he weel spring us from here! All we gotta do iss ICE one of his ol' enemies...!

Man, in Cuba, they locked us UP for killing somebody! Here, they're gonna let us OUT for killing somebody! I tol' you America iss GREAT!!

They say that Fidel Castro emptied his Cuban jails of the worst criminals and shipped them here to Miami Beach...!!

There goes the neighborhood!!



WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hey, Man! We're here to deliver the money for the coke pickup!

Juss a minute, Man! We ain't finished with the delivery boys ahead of you!!

Hoo-hah! I guess thiss means they don' tip!!

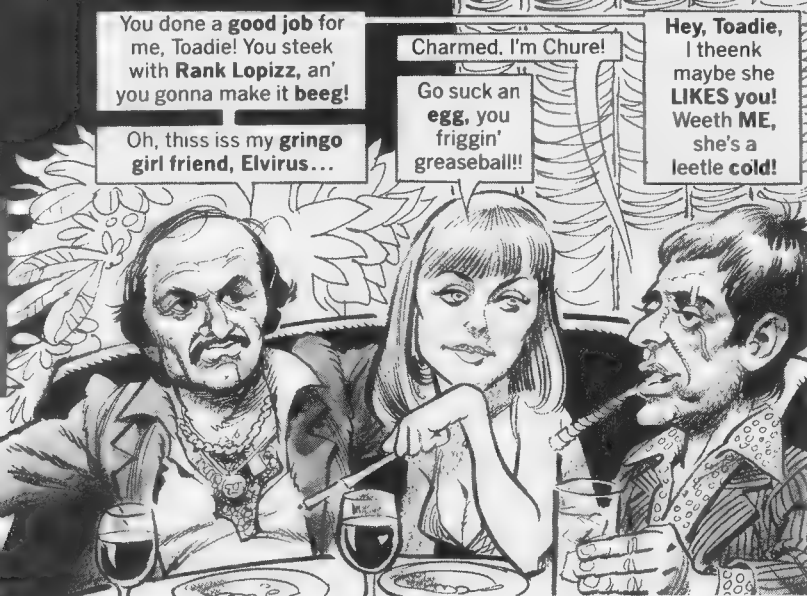
YAAAH

BRZZZT

Remember the good old days... when kids used to eat CAKE at birthday parties, instead of sniffing coke?!

Well... at least they still hire CLOWNS!!







Hey, Waiter! Those two guests just filled you full of lead! How come you don't die?!

Sorry... it's not my table!

RATAT TAT

BLAM BLAM

I took friggin' care of your friggin' hoods, an' now I'm gonna wipe **YOU** off the friggin' face of the friggin' Earth, too!

Wow! You realize they used the word "friggin'" in this move as a noun, a verb, a preposition, an adjective... **forty** ways in all! There's no other way to say it!

Frigg you, fink...!!

Frigg **YOU**, Rank...!!

Hey, Man, that's **fanfriggingtastic!**

Make that **FORTY-ONE!**

BAM BAM

POW POW POW

SNIF. SNIF. SNIF.

Well, Bebbie... how you like bein' married to the mos' important dope dealer in Miami, with six billion dollars an' ninety-two mansions?!

Greaseball... ??! I take eight bubble baths a day!!

You're still a greaseball, Toadie!

Is that what you call them? You're supposed to use **SOAP** in the water, not **COCAINE!**

You take **YOUR** bubble baths, an' I'll take **MINE!!**

Hey, Boss... I juss found out that your bes' friend, Meanie, iss livin' with your Sister!

What?!? Yecch! Ptuil! That makes me feel dirty all over! I'll grab another bubble bath, an' then I'll fly over an' see them!

They're livin' right here in town, Boss! You don't need to take no **PLANE!!**

Hey, Man... I said I'd **FLY** over! I didn't say nuthin' about no **PLANE!**

Wait, Toadie! Before you say or do anything crazy, please listen to me! Meanie and I are **MARRIED!**

Married?!? You're a sweet, decent girl! You **CAN'T** marry him! Don't you know that your marriage wass already arranged... to a decent, wonderful, old-fashioned boy...!!

Who... ???

ME... !!!

YOU???
But,
Toadie!
You
KNOW
that's im-
possible!

Okay!
Okay!
I'll
get
a di-
vorce!

Oh... thass
right! We're
Catholic!
I'll get an
annulment!!

Forget it!!

Forget it...?!
Five years ago,
Mama turned me
down! And now,
YOU?! How much
rejection can
I take...?!?



You've had it,
Toadie! We're
Federal Nar-
cotics Agents!

This is it, Toadie!
We're Dope Pushers
Local 14! You don't
run a Union Shop!

Toadie, we're from the
National Rifle Associa-
tion! We're here because
we just love to shoot!!



Well... it
looks as if
he died where
he wanted to
...in his
bubble bath!

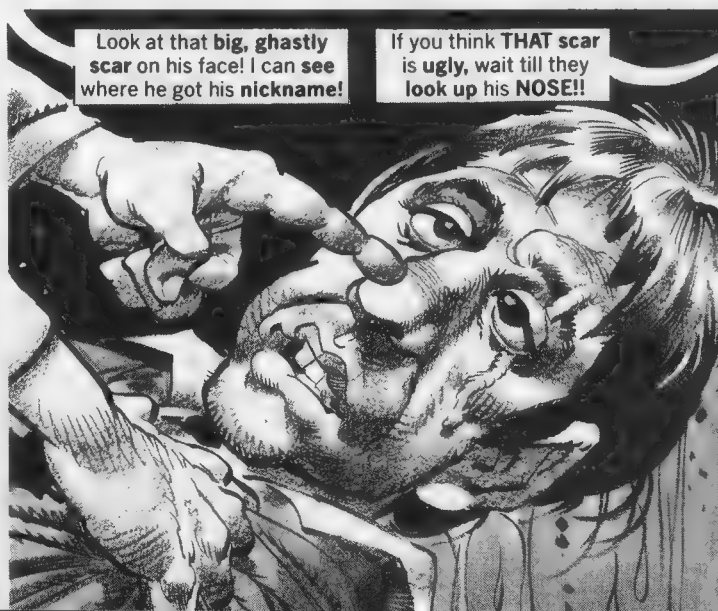
Yeah! But at least he
seems to be showing
some remorse for the
inexcusable life he
led! Hear him crying?

He's not crying! He's
still sniffing coke!
I hear that in extreme
cases of addiction...
death is not necessar-
ily a final deterrent!



Look at that big, ghastly
scar on his face! I can see
where he got his nickname!

If you think THAT scar
is ugly, wait till they
look up his NOSE!!



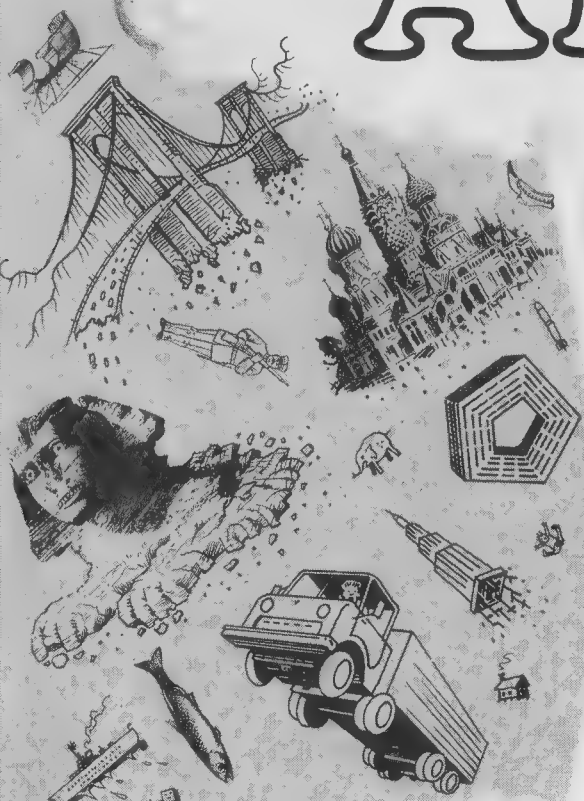
BLAST LAUGH DEPT.

Everyone knows that the best thing to do in difficult times is to keep busy! Keeping busy occupies your mind and prevents you from going into deep depression. So, just to be safe, here are some MAD suggestions for keeping busy during the difficult time ahead. Mainly, here are some

**WARNING: THE SURGEON GENERAL
HAS DETERMINED THAT EXPOSURE
TO NUCLEAR RADIATION MAY BE
HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH**

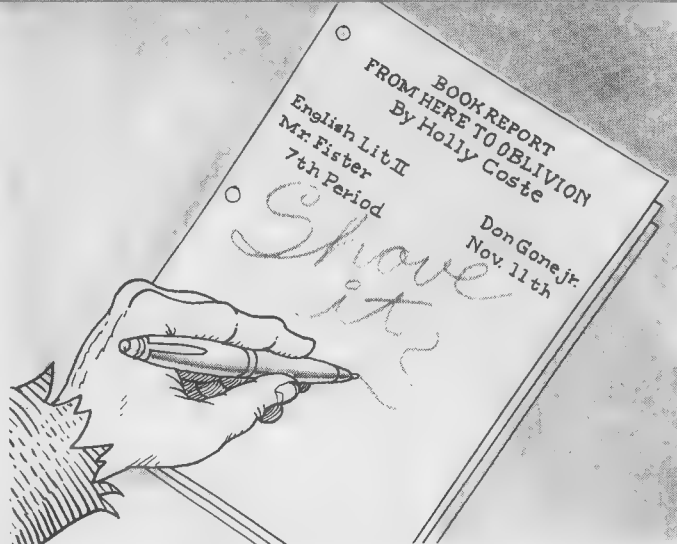
THINGS TO DO ON THE DAY AFTER

WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

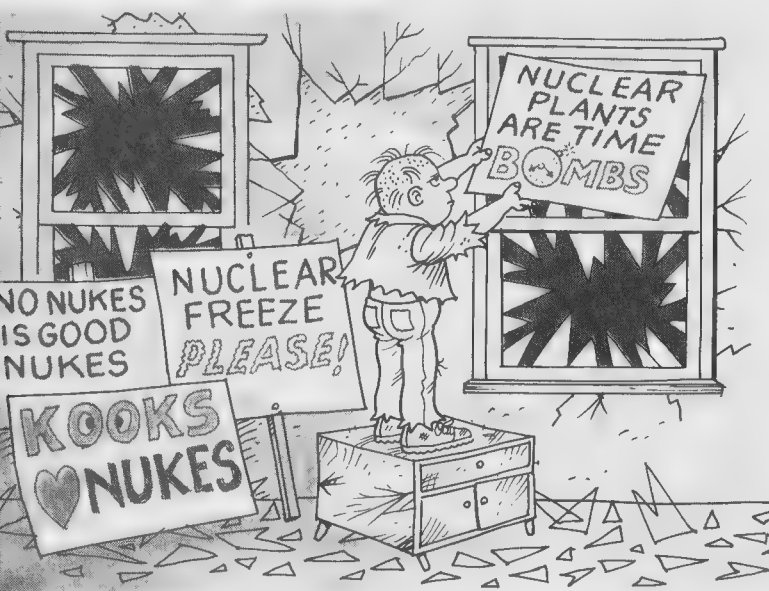




Cancel your subscription to "House Beautiful" magazine.



Write a tender message on your overdue term paper.



Use old "Nuclear Protest Signs" to close broken windows.



Use birth control devices for other recreational activities... now that everyone's sterile anyway.



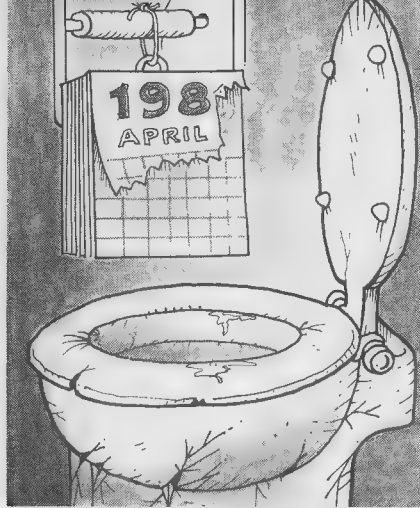
Find other uses for flashlights, now that you glow in the dark.



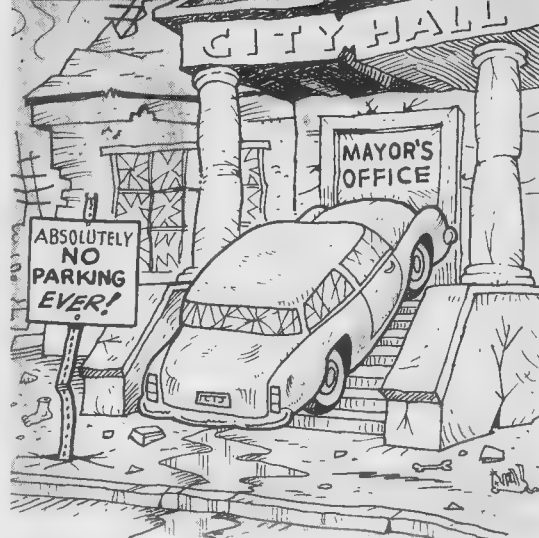
Stuff a pillow with your falling-out hair, and...



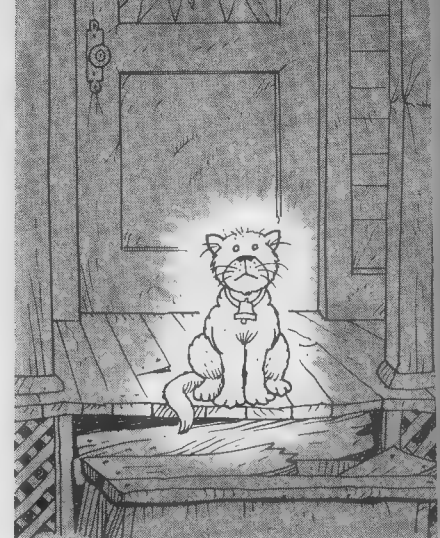
...make a necklace with your falling-out teeth.



Put your Ten-Year-Calendar to more immediate practical use.



Park anywhere you like any time you like.



Put the cat out as a night light.



Use your school textbooks to keep warm.



Promise to clean your room if your parents buy you a bulldozer.



Call any broker and offer to buy ten million shares of General Motors Corp. for ten cents.



Treat your "Pro-Nuke" neighbor to a special cigar you've saved for just such an occasion.



Eat, drink and smoke anything you want! The nicotine, tars and additives are the least of your problems now.

A MAD PEEK BEHIND TERRORIST TR

He must face a firing squad! He took 17 flights and failed to blow up a single one!

And what was his flimsy excuse, too much conscience?

No, he said he needed the frequent traveler bonus mileage!

Remember, all bombings and raids must occur before 9 PM American Time. That way they'll be able to put their stories together for the 11 PM news!

Pay attention! This is the most important course you will take!

Will we learn how to make explosives?

No, you'll learn how to look good on American television!

What happened?

What a loss!

I told him never to kick the tires of a car loaded with explosives!

Yeah, vehicles are very hard to come by!

I heard you lost your roommate. Did he flunk out?

No, we were assigned to make a letter bomb and his was returned for insufficient postage!

We must destroy our enemies!
We must chop off their arms
and pull out their eyeballs!
We must mutilate, kill and...

Boy, Omar sure has mellowed since his last speech!

Sir, how do we get our guns and grenades past airport security?

Don't worry, those metal detectors only pick up keys and nail clippers!

THE SCENES AT A TRAINING CAMP

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Ishfahar, where are you taking that box of dirty, smelly, dung-stained rags?

To the PX. They're our shipment of new uniforms!

Who can tell me why we hijack, take hostages, blow up property and murder?

Correct!

Because ours is a religious struggle.

Okay class, if Haji has 13 hostages and Yasir has 18 hostages, how many hostages will Yasir have to kill to have the same amount as Haji?

I'll need grenades, ground-to-air mortars, a machine gun, ample ammunition...

Who is Saheed talking to?

His travel agent!

You should be proud! You have been selected for the **highest honor**—the privilege of dying for our noble cause!

If it's such a great honor, how come none of the **big shots** volunteer for these suicide missions?

The Russians' weapons may be all right but their USO shows are absolutely the pits!

Hey, get that animal outta here! Someone could get hurt slipping on **goat dung**!

Tomorrow he's driving a truck full of **explosives** into a military base and today he's worried about **slipping**!

Yeah, the Americans get Bob Hope and Brooke Shields and we get Olga and her Magic Tractor.

WELCOME CLASS REUNION 1967

Wanna have a good laugh? Watch this!

Hi, it's great to see you but **where is everybody?**

We are everybody!

Ever since the Vietnam War, Americans have been looking for a hero to restore our national image. At last, thanks to Hollywood, we have our man—Rambo! That tough, no-nonsense galoot generates pride! Confidence! And egomania! He's given this country a badly needed shot in

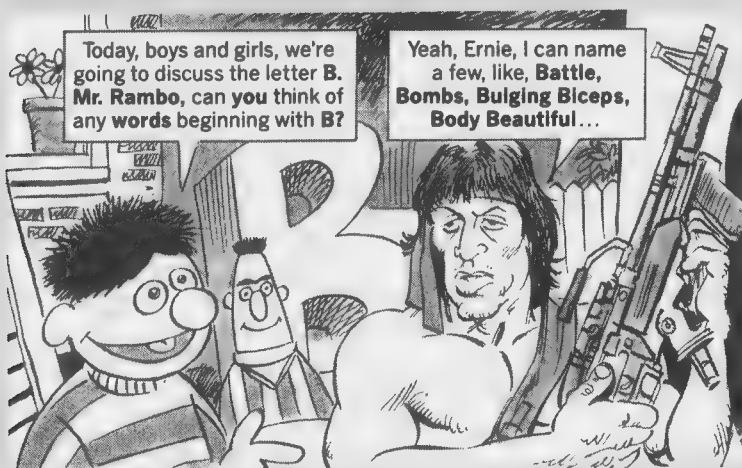
WHEN THE RAMBO INFLUEN

COMIC STRIPS

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITERS: LOU SILVERSTONE AND J. PRETE



KIDDIE TV SHOWS



POLITICS

Yo, third world creeps! I'm gettin' tired of you faggots runnin' down the U.S. of A.! Who the hell do you think **foots the bill** for this **paradise** where you hang out? **America!** If you bums keep bad-mouthin' the land I love, I'm gonna blow you back so fast your hair will fry! You'll have to **crawl** back to those stinkhole countries you came from, and the **good life** will be **over!** So start sidin' with the USA, or else!



the arm—with the business end of a bazooka! That kind of spirit is pretty darn contagious! We at MAD bet that sooner or later it will get around to all areas of life. In fact, we've written a little article on it! You'll read it—and you'll LIKE IT!! And you'll be ready

ICE SPREADS EVERYWHERE

ADVICE COLUMNS



D E A R ANN:
I've always been a very religious person, so naturally I'm opposed to war. I just turned 18 and I'm supposed to register for the draft. This goes against all my religious beliefs. As the Bible says, "Thou shalt not



kill." My father says I should follow my own conscience. What do you advise?

—Troubled in Ohio

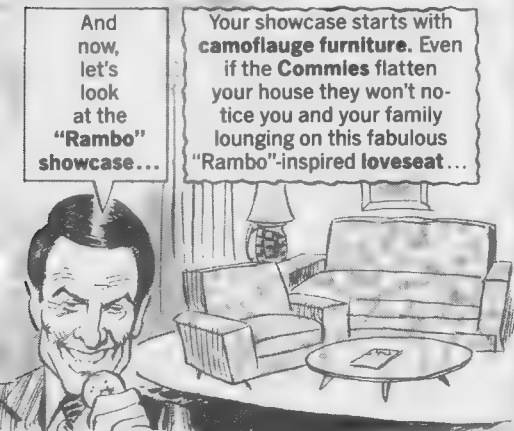
Dear Troubled: Wimps like you make me want to throw up. You're just another coward hiding behind the Bible. In case you missed it, the Bible also says, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." So cut out all that phony religious garbage and for once in

your life be a man! Be proud to serve your country! If all you religious nuts had your way, we wouldn't have an army and the Commies would take over without a fight, and believe me, they'd know how to deal with you Bible-thumping porkers!

Send for a copy of Ann's free booklet, "Killing Made Easy, a Guide For Patriotic Teenagers."



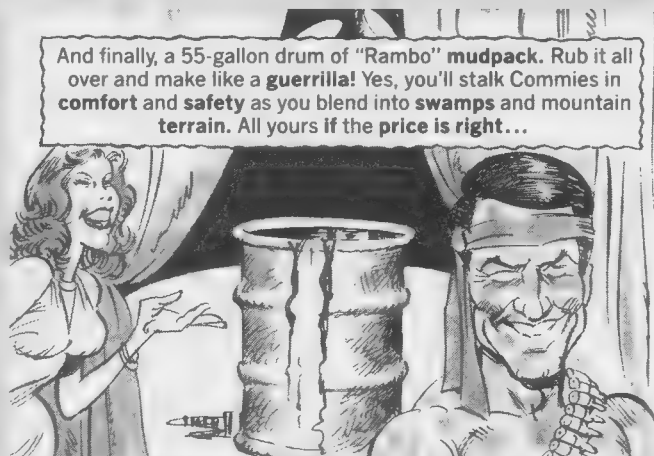
GAME SHOWS



Your showcase starts with **camouflage furniture**. Even if the Commies flatten your house they won't notice you and your family lounging on this fabulous "Rambo"-inspired loveseat...



But they will notice when you **retallate** with this combination hat rack/mls-sile launcher!



And finally, a 55-gallon drum of "Rambo" mudpack. Rub it all over and make like a guerrilla! Yes, you'll stalk Commies in comfort and safety as you blend into swamps and mountain terrain. All yours if the price is right...



Picture this...Creatures so hideous they would suck every breath of life out of you! No, we're not talking about the Internal Revenue Service, we're talking about the stars of one of this year's hottest films! Those cretins from another planet who burst out of people's stomachs, drip acid, ooze slime, torture and never once pick up a dinner check! We're talking about the...

ALIENATORS



God, no! Help! I can't stand it! It's awful, this oozing, slimy thing!

Is she dreaming about those hideous Alien creatures again?

Actually, I think she's complaining about the food again!

Let me give her something to make her sleep.

She's already slept for 57 years! I think we should let her get up! It's time to change the linen anyway!

So, you're here for a physical to see if you're fit for a tough mission or not?

No, to see if she's a woman or not!

Dudson, you have to watch your diet more carefully. Your tests show you contain 100% chicken fat!

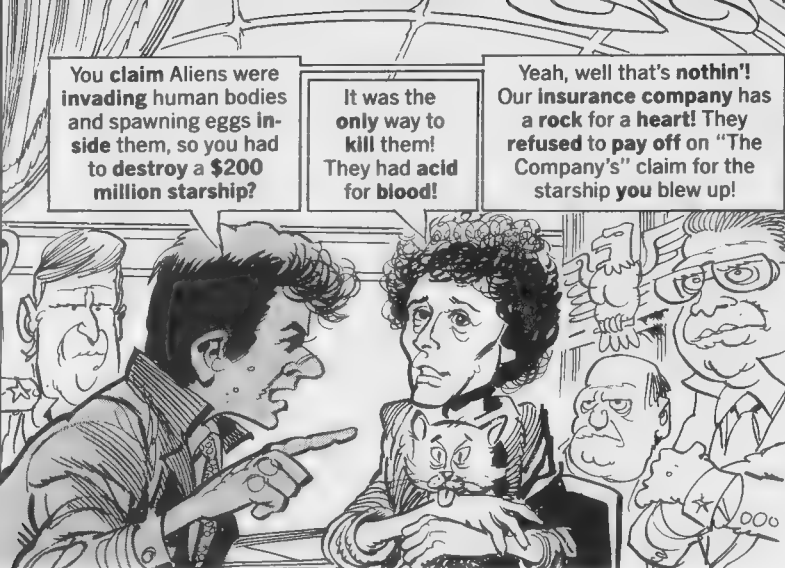
You better be an Android or you're in big trouble!

I hope this is a fur ball I'm about to cough up and not another Alien!

Fifty-seven years in space! Who is she?

She's Ripley, believe it or not!

Ripley
Spaced
out
57 YEARS



Corporal Hex, the tunnel your platoon is in is right under the Ronson Fuel-Ignited Generator! If they fire their weapons, we'll all be blown clear into the next article!

Er, guys, listen up! The plan is **EXACTLY** the same as before—**seek and destroy** the Aliens, but, er... **don't fire your guns!**

No guns?! What's that leave us with?

Barfing, running and sweating profusely are all OK!

We're doomed! We're going to die! And I only have **three years, 11 months** left to my **four-year hitch!!!** Oh... why did this have to happen to **me** now?!!

Sir, on the micro-locators! There's some movement!

TWILIGHT ZONE

END ZONE

THE ZONE-RANGER

ICE CREAM ZONE

ZONE COLLINS

O-ZONE

NO PARKING ZONE

I WANT TO BE A ZONE

HOME SWEET ZONE

SAFETY ZONE

From the TV monitor I saw you guys were in trouble so I came **crashing** through the tunnel in this rescue tank! What's the casualty list?

Three dead, four injured!

Those Aliens are really vicious!!

What Aliens? That's the casualty list from your driving!

Are these the Aliens, Ripley?

Either that or we've discovered an **Italian Restaurant** with the galaxy's largest calamari! Of course they're Aliens!

Over there! Look! Help! Kill it! It's alive! Run! Run! Run for your lives!

That's a little girl, you idiot!

Yes, but she'll grow up to be a big girl like my mother unless we shoot her now!

LITTLE CHARLEY'S

LITTLE CHARLEY'S

LITTLE CHARLEY'S

Don't be afraid, little girl. We only came to **blow** this planet to kingdom come and kill everyone of those **€&*!*&** Aliens! We're a friendly people here on a mission of peace.

Somebody give the kid a machine gun to use.

MAKE PIECE NOT PEACE



WHAM

Ripley, we have **another** little problem. Our rescue vehicle from the mother-ship just **auto-landed** each of its 4,389 parts **separately**.

We're **doomed!**
I'm **scared!**
HELP!

Dudson, look at this little girl. She's been here with **no weapons and no training** and **she's not afraid!**

I know, but she has that **doll's head!** Kid, **sell me** that doll! I'll give you this **rocket launcher** for it! And take these **grenades...**



We found the **plans** to this **complex**. Now we have to find a way to keep the Aliens **out** of all of the **tunnels!**

How about a **toll booth?**
EXACT CHANGE ONLY!?!

Or we could **erase** the tunnels from the **plans!** Then the Aliens won't have any to **use!**

It's a **shame** you two don't have any **brains** to **use!**

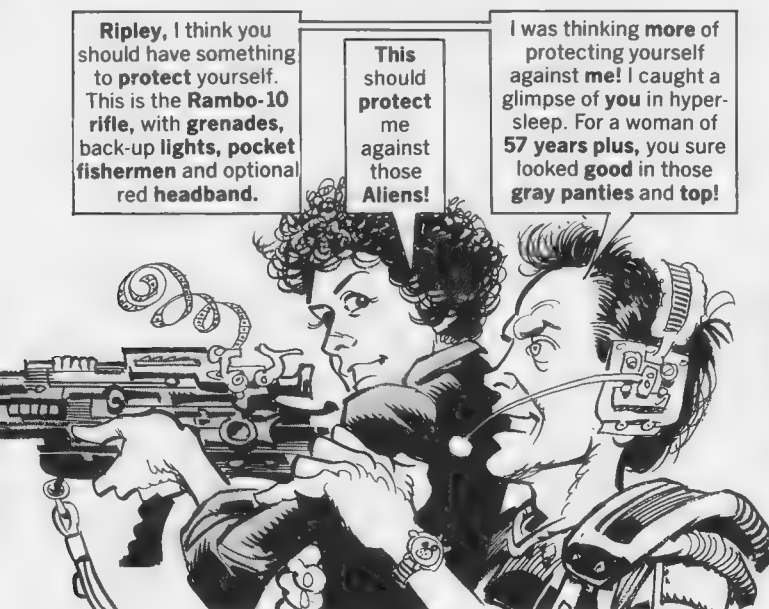


We need someone to **sneak** outside past the Aliens and use the **satellite dish** to call down another **spacecraft**. How about you, **Bellhop?**

No! No! Not Bellhop!

Do you want to go instead, **Burp?**

Me? Hell no! But if we send the **android** and it's **destroyed**, it'll cost "**The Company**" a **fortune** to **replace!** I say we send the **kid!**



Ripley, I think you should have something to **protect** yourself. This is the **Rambo-10** rifle, with **grenades**, **back-up lights**, **pocket fishermen** and optional **red headband**.

This should **protect** me against those **Aliens!**

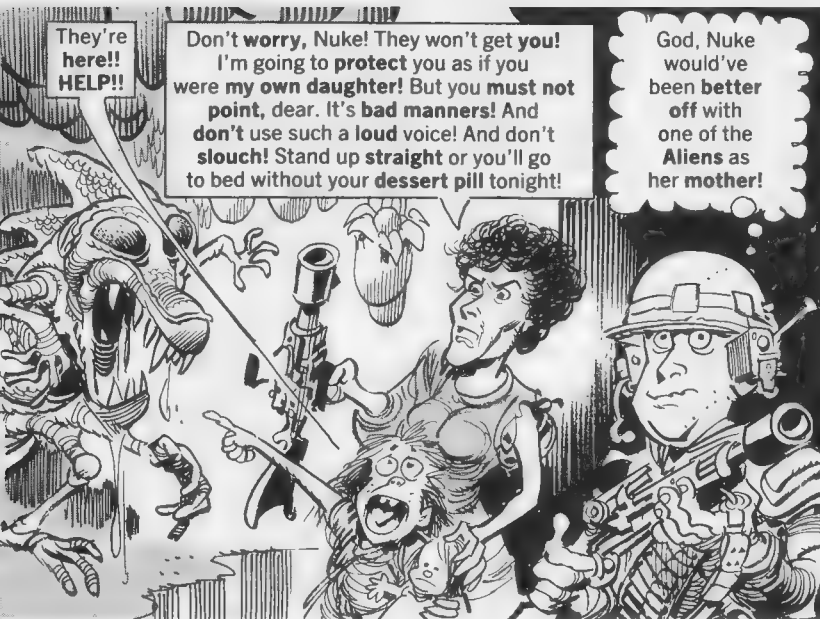
I was thinking **more** of protecting yourself against **me!** I caught a glimpse of **you** in **hyper-sleep**. For a woman of **57 years plus**, you sure looked **good** in those **gray panties** and **top!**



Aggh! Help, Hex! Help! Burp released this **Alien** so it would enter **my** body and he could **smuggle** it back to **earth!**

Why did you do it, **Burp?**

I had my **orders!** Big corporations like "**The Company**" have been **smuggling** **illegal aliens** for **centuries!** They're **great cheap labor!**



They're here!!
HELP!!

Don't worry, Nuke! They won't get you! I'm going to protect you as if you were my own daughter! But you must not point, dear. It's bad manners! And don't use such a loud voice! And don't slouch! Stand up straight or you'll go to bed without your dessert pill tonight!

God, Nuke would've been better off with one of the Aliens as her mother!



Through this way, Ripley! It's a shortcut!

Look, it's the Mother Alien giving birth! Look at all the sticky goo and yucky webs! Yecch! How disgusting! That clinches it, Nuke, I'm adopting you! I NEVER want to go through the experience of childbirth!



Emergency...all personnel! This place will blow-up in six minutes! Evacuate at once, but please do not steal any stationery supplies on your way out!

I rescued Nuke, Bellhop, but where's the rescue craft?

I couldn't align the ship with the satellite dish because "The Company" scrambles their signal like HBO does! So I called a cab instead!

You better get in, lady! The fare's already \$2 million!



Bellhop, you've been so good through this whole scary mission, and now you go to pieces?!

It's the Alien! It rode back with us! It's ripping Bellhop apart!

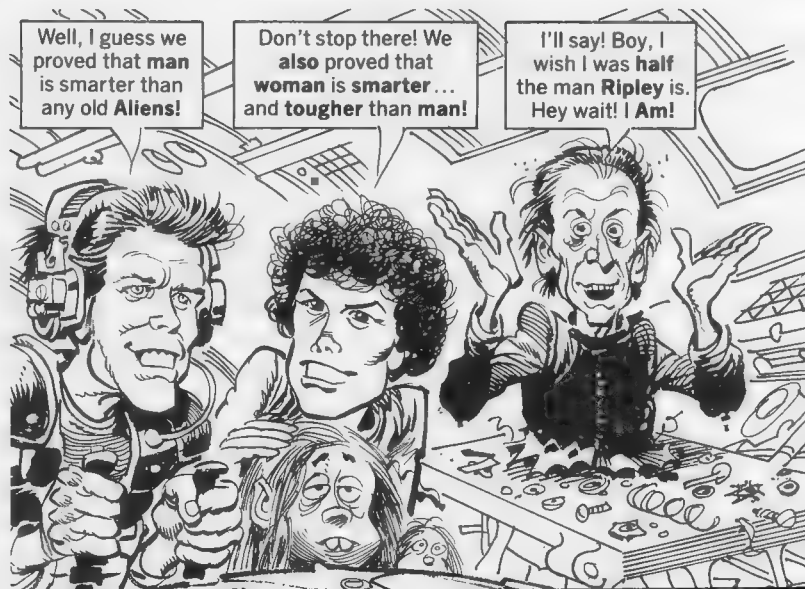
I'll call a doctor!

Forget a doctor! Get a good auto-mechanic!



Don't worry, Nuke! If it's one thing I know, it's how to use sophisticated machinery!

Yo, Alien. C'mon! Go for it! Make my day! You're the disease and I'm the cure! AGGHHHH!!!!!!



Well, I guess we proved that man is smarter than any old Aliens!

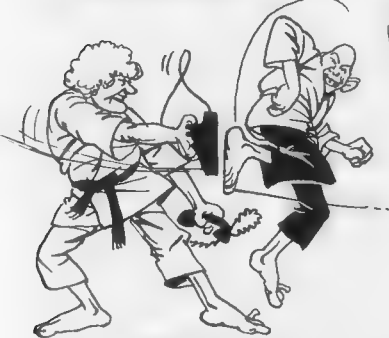
Don't stop there! We also proved that woman is smarter... and tougher than man!

I'll say! Boy, I wish I was half the man Ripley is. Hey wait! I Am!

Kung Fu started many years ago when poor Chinese farmers, who could not afford real weapons, developed self-defense techniques using whatever was available: plow blades, staffs, even benches. Nice idea. But since very few poor Chinese farmers are MAD readers, it made very little sense to us to write an article on Kung Fu. So instead we wrote an article about a self-defense technique the average American could use. A deadly defense called:

HOM

Phone Fu



BLOCKING: The phone conveniently fits over the hand in a way that allows the steel bottom to deflect your opponent's blows.



ENSNARLING: By holding the body of the phone in one hand, and the receiver in the other, you can use the cord to tangle up your opponent.



OFFENSE: By holding the cord at mid-length, the receiver may be swung and launched at your opponent. It may also be used for long-distant ensnarlment.



LAST RESORT: If you hate violence you can still use the phone to call your enemies in the middle of the night and mutter obscenities.

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: RURIK TYLER

The Links Of Agony



WHIP METHOD: Grasp one end of a sausage and savagely snap the other end at your enemy!



NUNCHAKUS METHOD: This is a complicated maneuver and is not recommended for beginners!



PELTING METHOD: Break up the links, grab an equal amount in each hand, and throw all of them at your opponent!

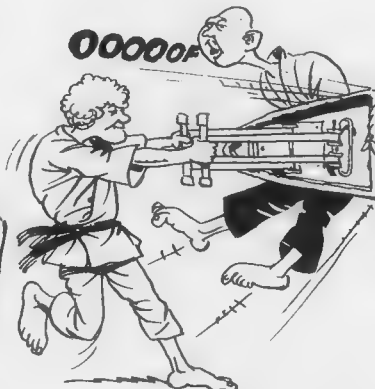
The Iron Ning Board



BLOCKING: Because the Iron Ning Board is roughly the same length and width as the human body, it makes a very effective blocking tool.



OFFENSE: Grasp the feet of the board while it is in the closed position.



Quickly bring your arms together while aiming at your opponent.



ESCAPE: If all else fails, you can use the Iron Ning Board to slide down the stairs and beat a hasty retreat.

The Oven Mitts Of Death



Other Home Fu Maneuvers



51

A few years ago, "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" reminded theater audiences of the great movie "serials" of the past. Now, that same production team has brought us a sequel that reminds us of yet another cereal...oatmeal! We're talking, of course, about—



That girl is great!
She not only Sings
"Anything Goes"
she INSPIRES IT!!
Look at what's going
on in this place!

Help! I'm looking
for the antidote!!

Put cotton in your
ears and you won't
hear her singing!!

Not the antidote
for her SINGING,
YOU FOOL...! The
antidote for the
POISON that was
put into my drink!

Don't worry about it!
The way we water down
the drinks here, the
most that the poison
will do is give you
a slight headache!!

I told the Manager
here I wanted a
little PRODUCTION
VALUE added to
my number... but
this is ridiculous!

TIN BANANA JONES

and the

TEMPLE OF GOONS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





A curse has befallen our Maypo village! Men from the Temple of Pancake have stolen our sacred Sanka stone!!

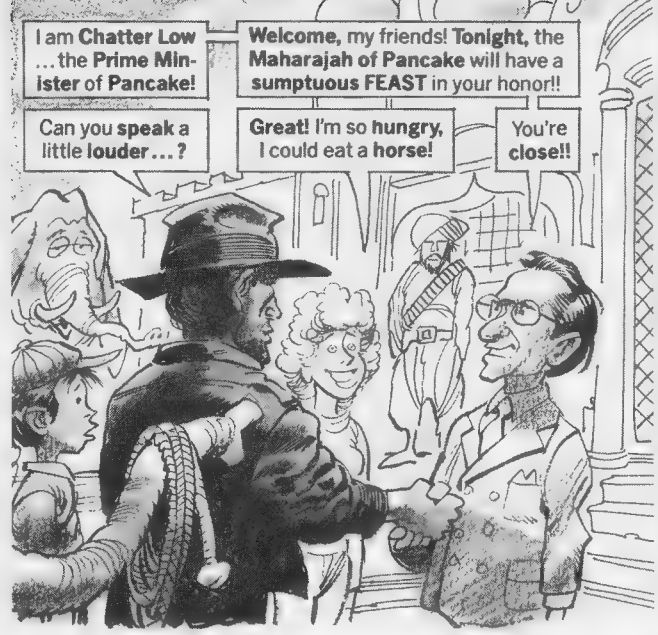
And they've also taken all the children of the village!

Can you bring them back? If not BOTH, can you at least bring back the stone?

The Shameman of Maypo needs our help! We must set out for the Pancake Palace! Pack your trunk!

I don't have a trunk!

I was talking to the elephant!



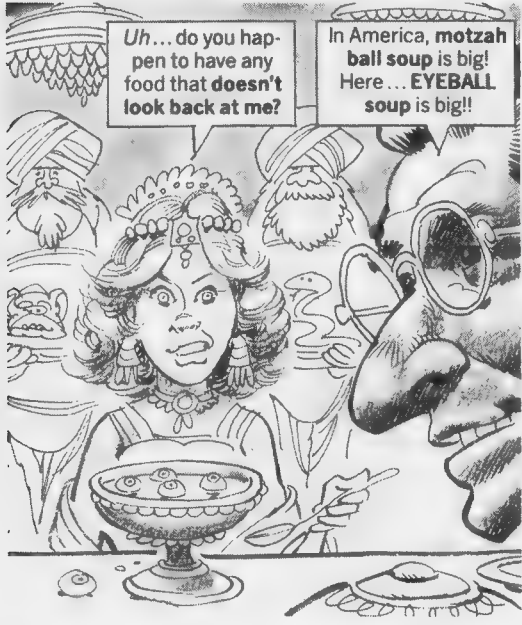
I am Chatter Low ... the Prime Minister of Pancake!

Can you speak a little louder ... ?

Welcome, my friends! Tonight, the Maharajah of Pancake will have a sumptuous FEAST in your honor!!

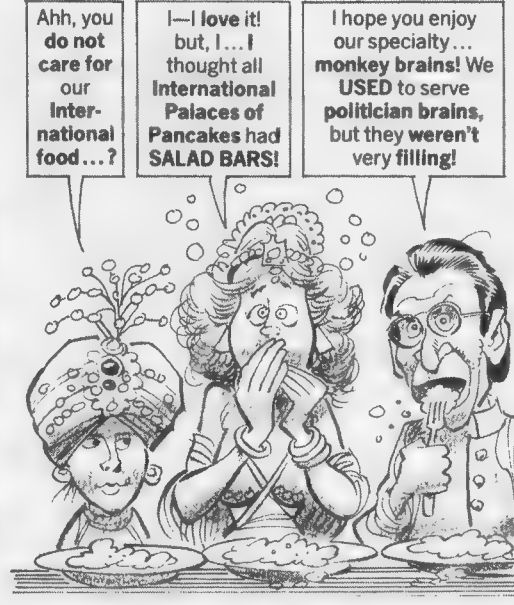
Great! I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse!

You're close!!



Uh... do you happen to have any food that doesn't look back at me?

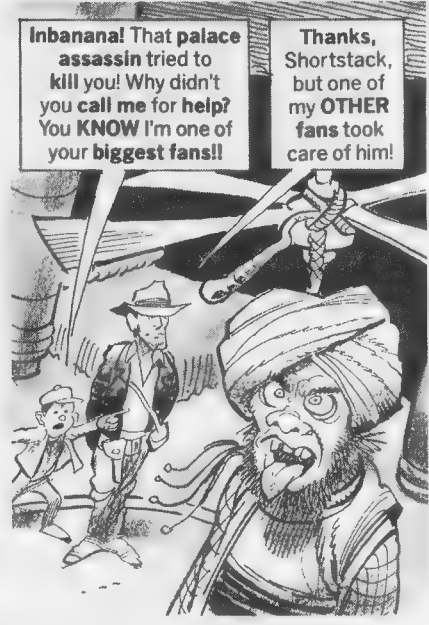
In America, motzah ball soup is big! Here... EYEBALL soup is big!!



Ahh, you do not care for our International food ... ?

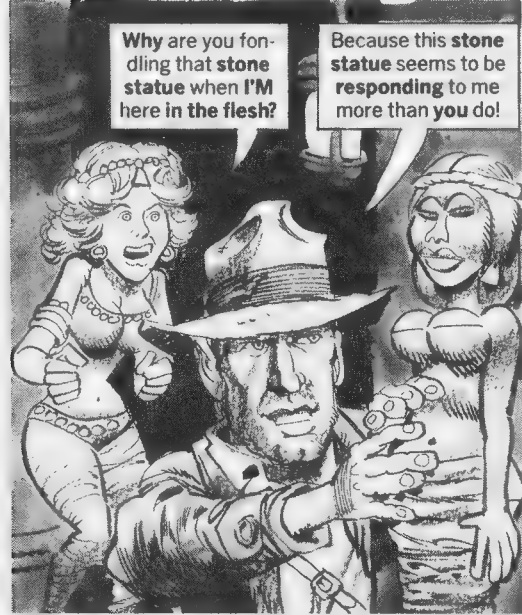
I—I love it! but, I... I thought all International Palaces of Pancakes had SALAD BARS!

I hope you enjoy our specialty ... monkey brains! We USED to serve politician brains, but they weren't very filling!



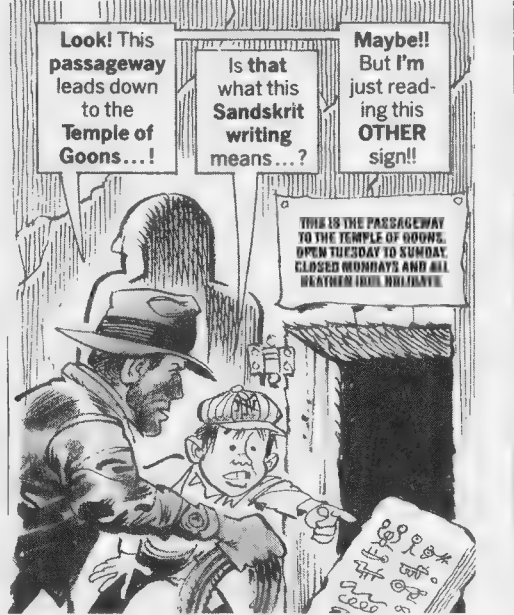
Inbanana! That palace assassin tried to kill you! Why didn't you call me for help? You KNOW I'm one of your biggest fans!!

Thanks, Shortstack, but one of my OTHER fans took care of him!



Why are you fondling that stone statue when I'M here in the flesh?

Because this stone statue seems to be responding to me more than you do!



Look! This passageway leads down to the Temple of Goons....!

Is that what this Sandskrit writing means... ?

Maybe!! But I'm just reading this OTHER sign!!

THIS IS THE PASSAGeway TO THE TEMPLE OF GOONS. OPEN TUESDAY TO SUNDAY. CLOSED MONDAYS AND ALL WEATHER HOLIDAYS.



Silly!! Help!! We're trapped inside this death chamber! Sharp spikes are closing down on us!!

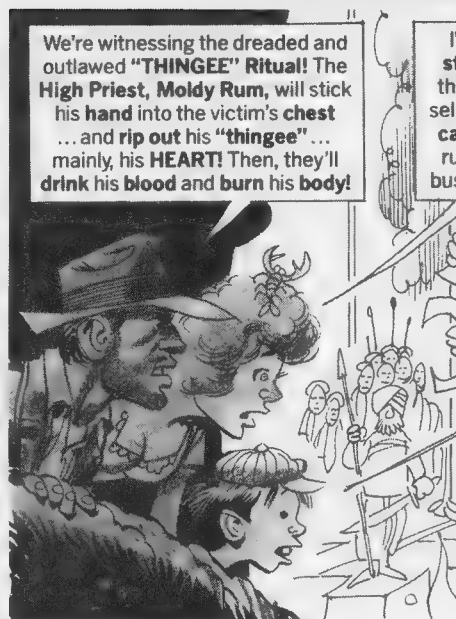
There's an "Emergency Handle" right outside this room! Quick! Come down here and pull it!

What for! You already HAVE an emergency!!



YIIIIPE! Inbanana, why are there fifty million disgusting BUGS down here???

They're HIDING from the CHEF!!



We're witnessing the dreaded and outlawed "THINGEE" Ritual! The High Priest, Moldy Rum, will stick his hand into the victim's chest ... and rip out his "thingee" ... mainly, his HEART! Then, they'll drink his blood and burn his body!

I'll bet the refreshment stands in all the theaters that show this movie don't sell very much popcorn and candy during the picture's run! Everybody will be too busy retching and barfing!!

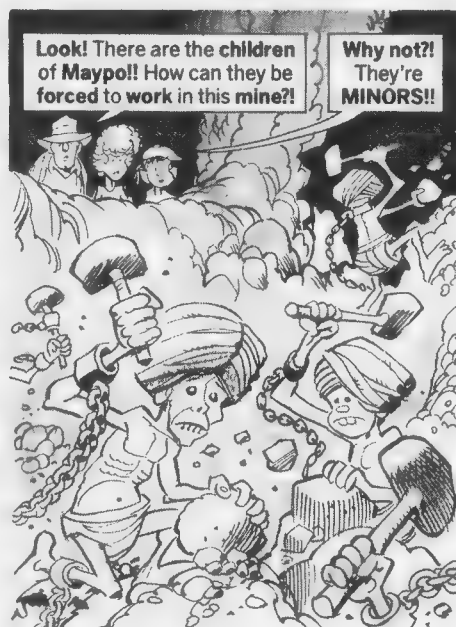
They worship the god. Kali! Look!! Those petals that they're throwing are from his favorite blossom—the Kali flower!!



That swirling molten lava, and the smoke, and the eerie music are all part of the sacrifice!

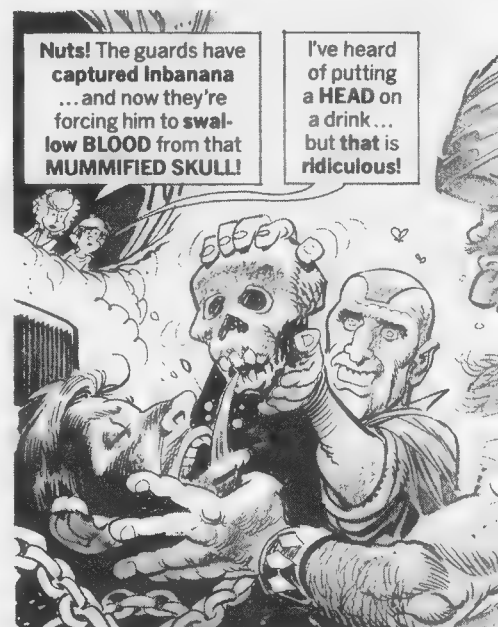
yeah, we've sacrificed all logic and feelings for senseless violence and cheap thrills!

How about the movie-goer who sacrificed five bucks to watch this trash?!



Look! There are the children of Maypol!! How can they be forced to work in this mine?!

Why not?! They're MINORS!!



Nuts! The guards have captured Inbanana ... and now they're forcing him to swallow BLOOD from that MUMMIFIED SKULL!

I've heard of putting a HEAD on a drink ... but that is ridiculous!

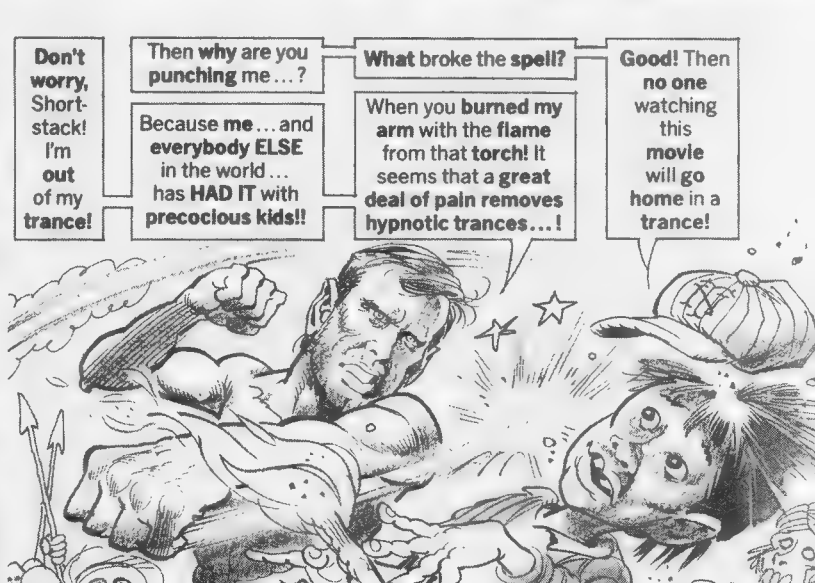


I have drunk the blood of Kali, and now I am one of them!

What happened to your talk of fame and fortune?

I changed my mind! I'm now into flame and torturin'! So get ready to be lowered into Kali's Lava Pit!

This is Kali's Lava Pit?? Oh, I'm gonna kill my Agent! When he booked me into Kali's Lava Pit, I thought it was an intimate night club with a FIREPLACE!



Don't worry, Short-stack! I'm out of my trance!

Then why are you punching me...? Because me ... and everybody ELSE in the world ... has HAD IT with precocious kids!!

What broke the spell? When you burned my arm with the flame from that torch! It seems that a great deal of pain removes hypnotic trances...!

Good! Then no one watching this movie will go home in a trance!

Now ... we'll be free all of the children! Thank goodness this **ONE KEY** fits all ten thousand of these locks!!

Hey ... where'd you get the skeleton key ... ?

From a skeleton, where else?

What are you kids **MINING**, anyway?

Rocks! Plain rocks!

Plain ROCKS?! What **FOR?!**

The Maharajah spent eleven million dollars for that **ROCK CRUSHER** and he needed **SOMETHING** to put into it!

Fighting **Moldy Rum** would be a helluva lot easier if that young **Maharajah** would lay off his **VOODOO DOLL ... !!**

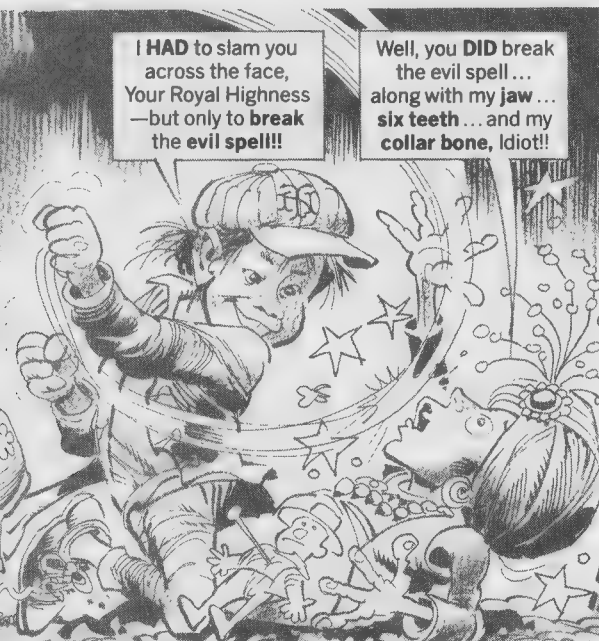
I'd give up this **Voodoo Doll** in a second if someone would just get me a **CABBAGE PATCH DOLL ... !!**

Help ... ! I'm stuck between a **Rock Crusher** and a hard place!



I **HAD** to slam you across the face, Your Royal Highness —but only to **break** the evil spell!!

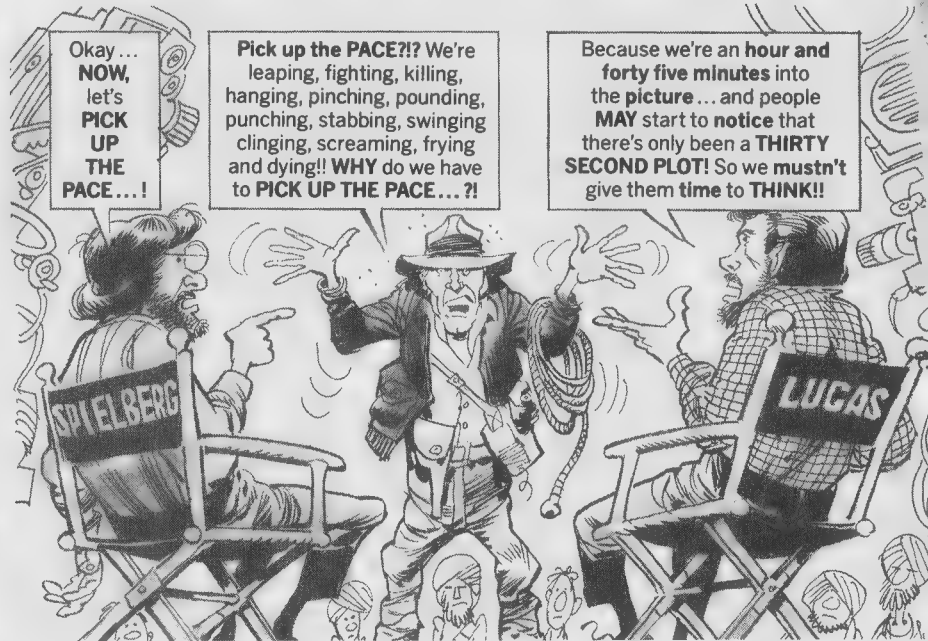
Well, you **DID** break the evil spell ... along with my jaw ... **six teeth** ... and my collar bone, Idiot!!



Okay ... **NOW**, let's **PICK UP THE PACE ... !**

Pick up the PACE?! We're leaping, fighting, killing, hanging, pinching, pounding, punching, stabbing, swinging clinging, screaming, frying and dying!! **WHY** do we have to **PICK UP THE PACE ... ?!**

Because we're an hour and **forty five minutes** into the picture ... and people **MAY** start to notice that there's only been a **THIRTY SECOND PLOT!** So we mustn't give them time to **THINK!!**



Okay ... then here we go!! First, I escape from the onrushing guards...

Then ... I escape certain death in an out-of-control speeding mining car...

Then ... I escape falling to my death from a collapsing rope bridge...

Now ... if only I could escape from my contract ... I wouldn't have to make "**INBANANA JONES III**" ... !!



Here is the **Sanka Stone!**

Can you tell me what magic the stone holds?

Thank you, Inbanana Jones! Now there will be singing and dancing in the streets of our village once again!

Oh ... **no magic!** It's the **BUNG** to our **BEER KEG!!**



HORRIFYING CRIME CLICHES...



ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Packing A ROD



Committing A FELONY



Running A RACKET



Putting Out A CONTRACT



Ignoring A SUMMONS



Pulling Off A CAPER



Impaneling A JURY



Delivering A VERDICT



Getting Off With An ACQUITTAL



Filing An APPEAL



Ducking A WARRANT



Copping A PLEA



Beating A RAP



Suspending A SENTENCE

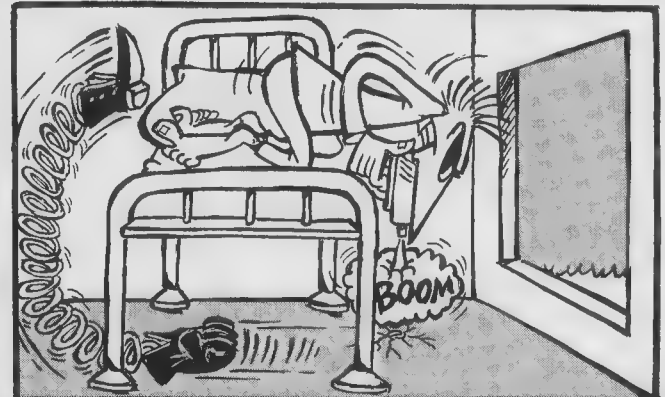
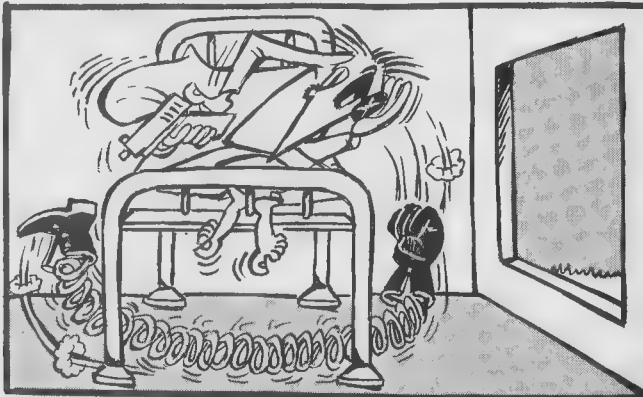
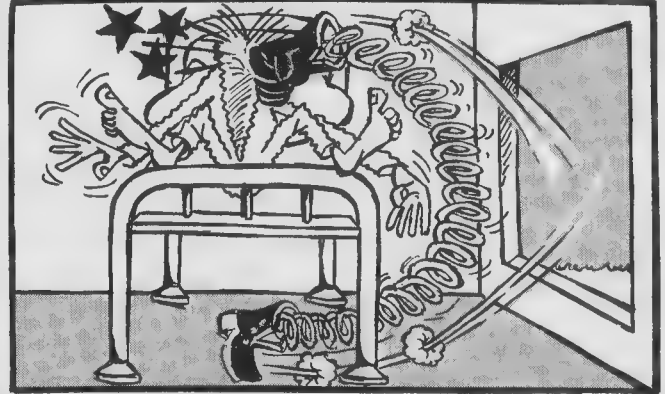
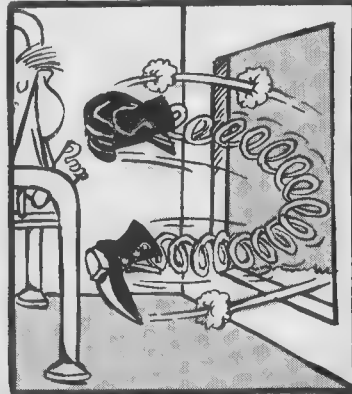
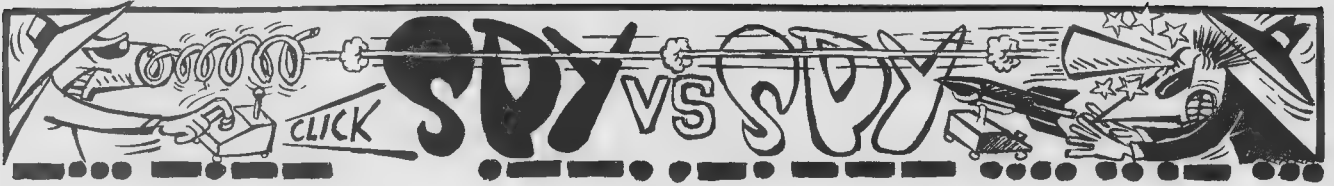


Overtuning A CONVICTION

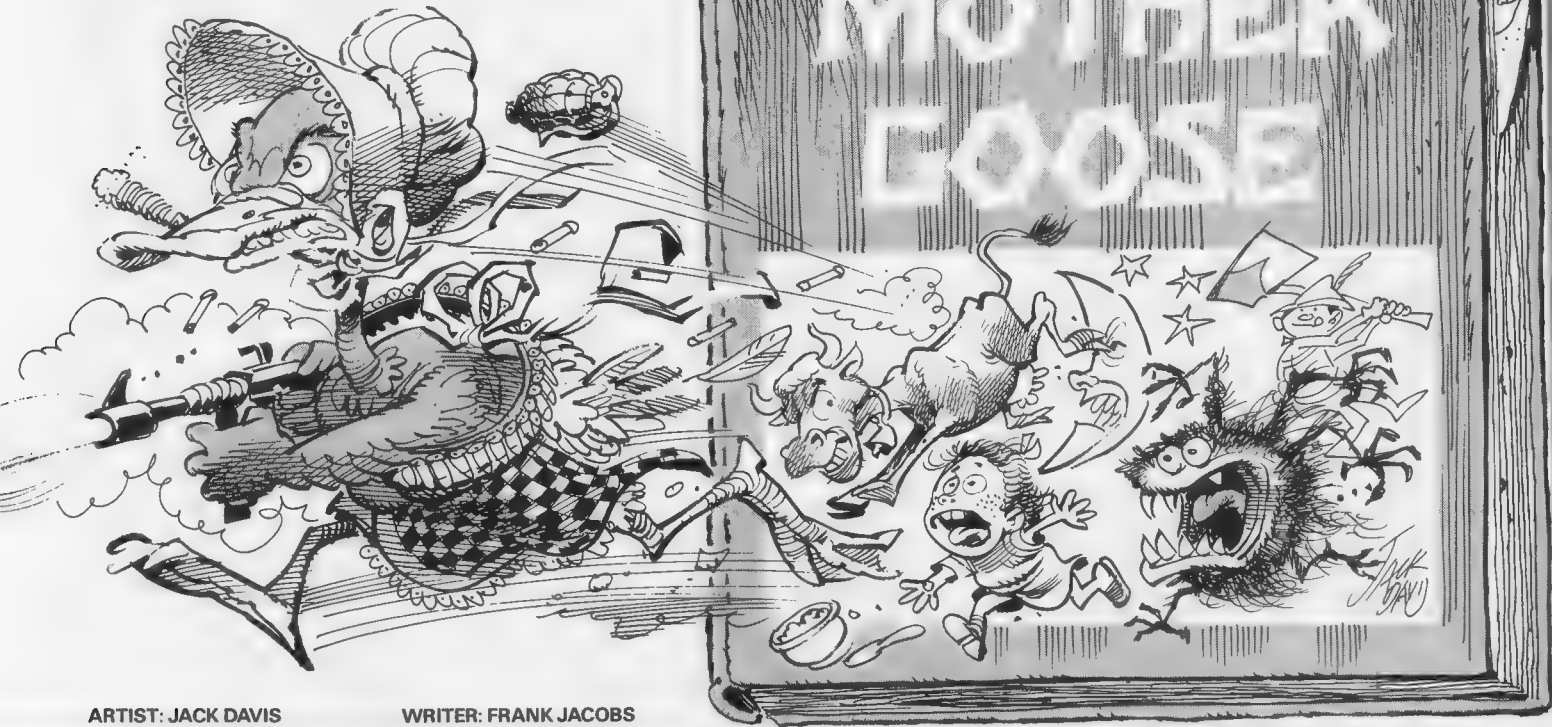


Serving A STIFF TERM





It's an ugly world out there, what with wars and terrorists and muggers and all the rest. And it's time we prepared the kiddies by giving them the message as early as possible. Well, what better way to introduce them to the hard realities of life, than with Mad's...



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat
Can swing his bat;
His wife can spray her mace;
He'll smack her hard
When she's off-guard;
She'll spritz him in the face.



Jack Sprat
Is knocked out flat,
His wife the worst of sights;
Though bitter foes,
At least it shows
They're into equal rights.

THIS IS THE FILM THAT JACK MADE



This is the film that Jack made.



This is the girl who's blown away
who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the ax that splits the head
That's swung by the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who stalks his prey,
Who blasts the girl who's blown away,
Who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who blasts the
girl who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who winds up dead
From getting the ax that splits his head
That's swung by the creep who blasts the
girl who's in the film that Jack made.



This is the carnage of blood and gore
That's made by the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who calls on the dude who gets the ax
that's swung by the creep who blasts
the girl who's in the film that Jack made.



These are the profits of bucks galore
That come from the carnage of blood and gore
That's made by the handy electric saw
That slices the salesman from Omaha,
Who follows the dude who gets the ax
that's swung by the creep who blasts
the girl who's in the film that Jack made.

SING A SONG OF VIOLENCE

Sing a song of violence,
Of punks and goons and thugs,
Of homicides and gang wars,
Of corpses full of slugs.

If such atrocious doings
Are not your cup of tea,
Well, tough, that's all you're getting
Tonight on your TV.



JACK BE NIMBLE

Jack be nimble;
Jack be slick;
Jack meet mugger;
Jack give kick.

Jack show quickness;
Jack show skill;
Jack learn bullet
Quicker still.



OMAR HAD A LITTLE BOMB

Omar had a little bomb;
He found it filled a need
For getting rid of all those folks
With whom he disagreed.

Omar let his bomb go off
Without the proper care;
And now we're finding little bits
Of Omar ev'rywhere.





HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty
Plays for the Pack;
Humpty Dumpty
Is a great back;
Says he, "Sure, it's true that the game's kind of rough,
"But I always survive, 'cause I'm burly and tough."

Humpty Dumpty
Takes a hard shot;
Humpty Dumpty
Says, "Hey, so what?
"On the field I expect to get tackled and spilled,
"But those fights in the stands—
why, a guy could get killed!"

AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES

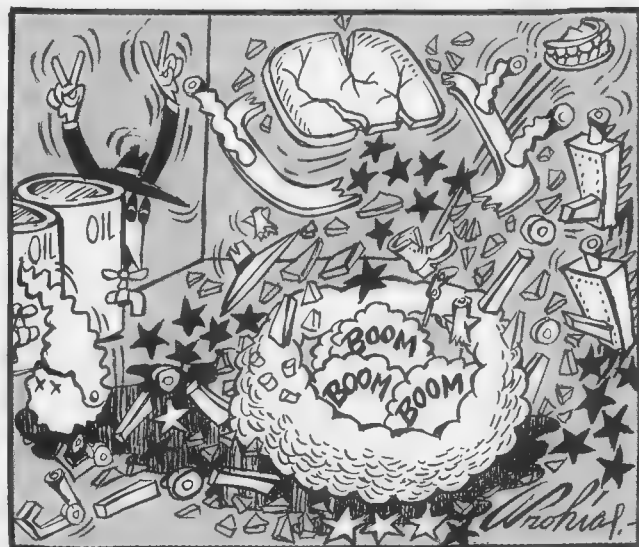
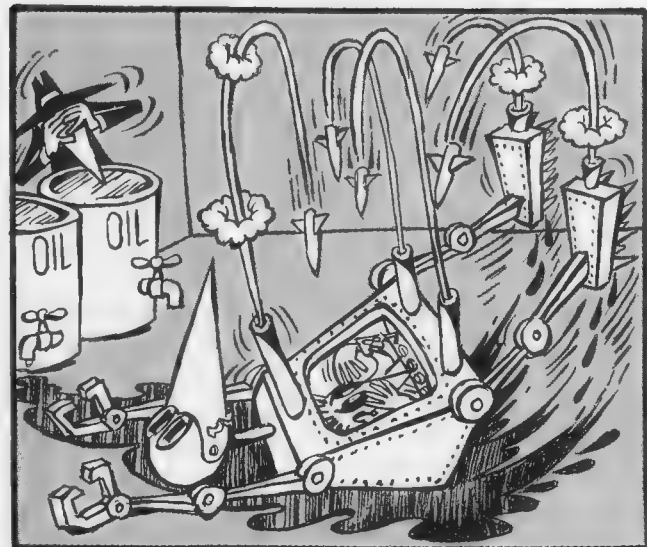
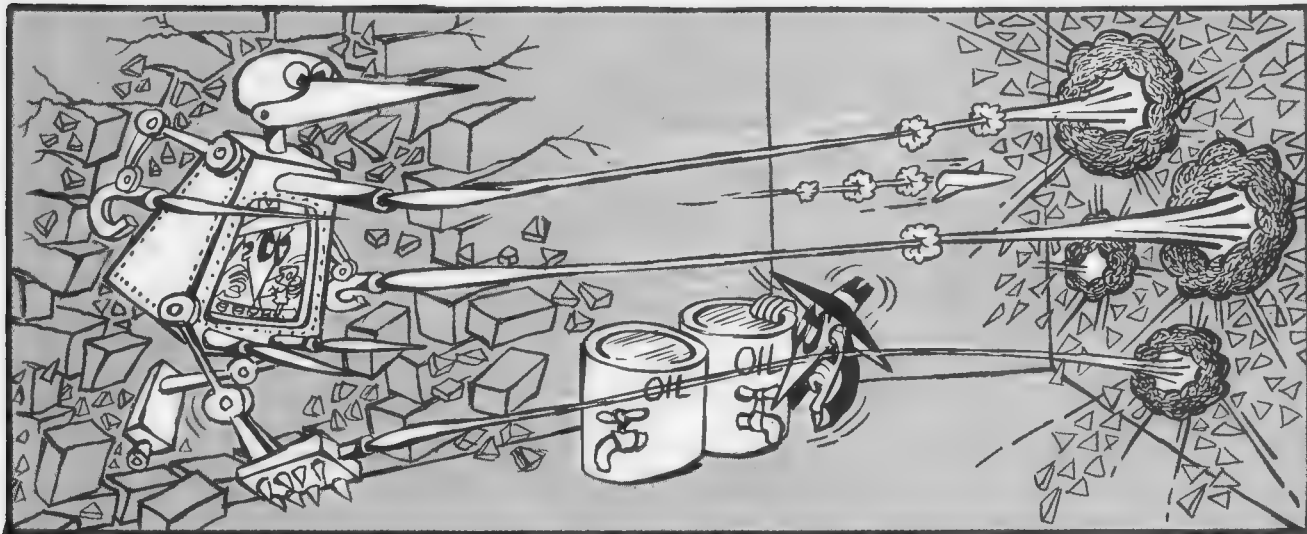
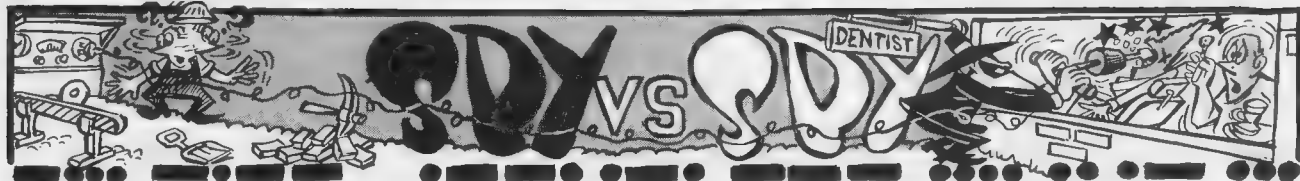
As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven knives,
Three rifles, 14 hand grenades,
Two hatchets sharp as razor blades,
A bow and arrow, poison darts,
Plus knowledge of the martial arts;
All of which may help to explain
why *he* wasn't beaten, robbed and
left to die like *I* was while
going to St. Ives.



TAFFY WAS A HITMAN

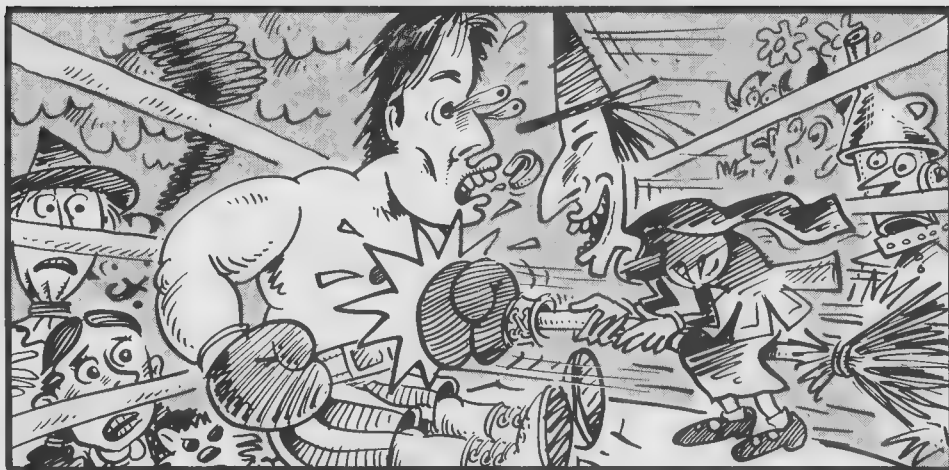
Taffy was a hitman
Hired by Mother Goose;
Taffy followed orders
When she turned him loose;
Taffy killed Jack Horner,
Taffy killed Jack Sprat,
Taffy killed the Fiddle;
Taffy killed the Cat,
Taffy killed Miss Muffet,
Taffy killed Boy Blue,
Taffy killed Ma Hubbard,
Killed her children, too;
Taffy killed Sol Grundy,
Taffy killed King Cole;
Guess this piece is finished—
Taffy's on a roll.





One of the keys to the success of the Rocky series is the thrilling, charismatic villains Sly Stallone invents: Apollo Creed! Clubber Lang! Drago! But who's left? Where are Rocky's next opponents going to come from? We think Sly plans to pilfer old movies for Bad Guys to fight. Here are the scenerios for...

ROCKY V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI OR, THE ITALIAN SCALLION VS THE GREAT HOLLYWOOD VILLAINS



In his first musical, Rocky, the lovable boxer without a brain, battles Margaret Hamilton, The Wicked Witch of The West! In the closing seconds of the fight, Rocky is saved from being counted out when a giant tornado picks up the Champ, carries him over the rainbow, and dumps him back in South Philly!

ROCKY BATTLES THE EMPIRE



It's Rocky vs the heavy breather of the universe, Darth Vader! On the night of the fight, Rock learns that Darth (aka "Lazer Fists") is really Don King! Can Rocky call on "The Force" in time to save the Boxing Federation? Is Don King Rock's long lost father? May the fists be with you in this battle of slow wit vs evil!!

ROCKYDEUS



In this lavish costume drama, Rocky mocks his rival Salieri by donning boxing gloves and pounding out one of the poor man's bland melodies on the clavier. Salieri beseeches God, "Why did you choose this moronic brute for such gifts and not me?!" This is the cultural Rocky film the critics have been asking for!

ARTIST AND WRITER: TOM HACHTMAN

ROCKY THE THIRTEENTH



Rocky suffers his most brutal beating when he meets the summer camp champ, Jason, "The Mutilator"! Will this battle of the sequels really be "The Final Chapter"? A blood lover's delight!

ROCKY FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST



Rocky fakes being punch-drunk to get into psychiatric hospital for a rest. But once in, he faces his meanest opponent yet—Nurse Cratchett! In round one, Big Nurse gives Rock a dose of medication! In round four, she zaps him with electro-shock! In round 10, she hits him with a frontal lobotomy! Will any of this punishment have a noticeable effect on the Champ??

JOHN CARPENTER'S THE THING IN THE RING



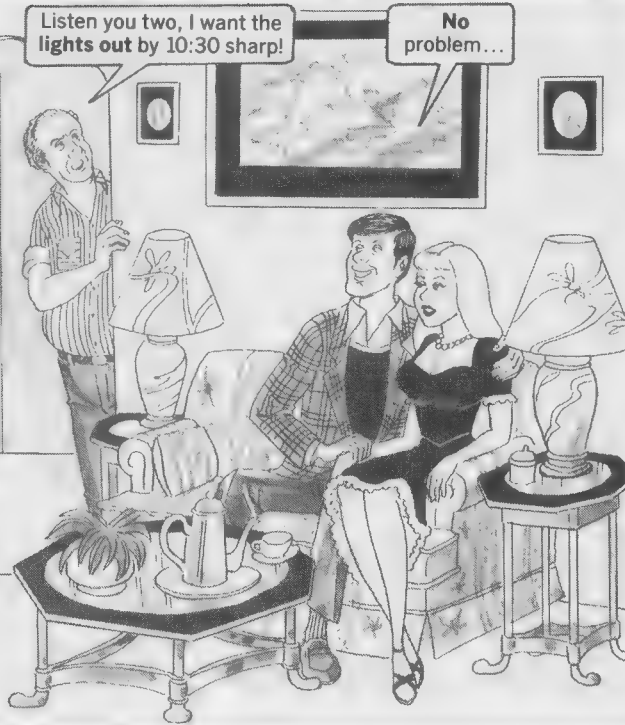
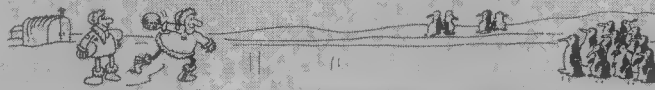
All of Rocky's former foes merge into one big, mutating lump and return for a rematch. If Rock isn't careful this slithering "Thing" will mimic his cellular structure and Rocky movies will never be the same—or just possibly more alike than ever!

ROCKY DEAREST



Faye Dunaway is charming as Joan Crawford—until the blood starts to spill! The minute one itty bitsy drop soils the spotless canvas, Rocky finds himself down for the count—scrubbing the mat! As the referee cries, "NO WIRE HANGERS!" a dazed Rocky wonders if this could be his last tangle!

DATING



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

KNOWLEDGE



COLLEGE



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

GETTING CAUGHT



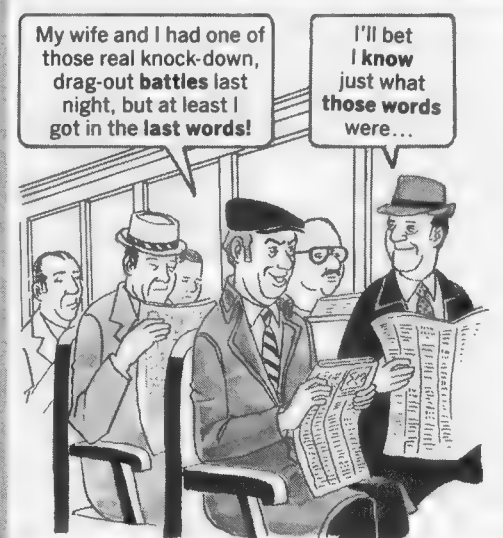
CULTURE



PICKUPS



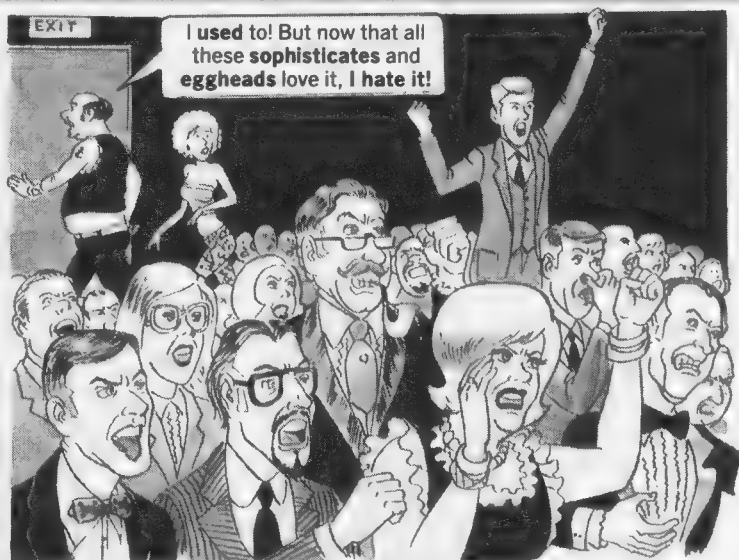
ARGUMENTS



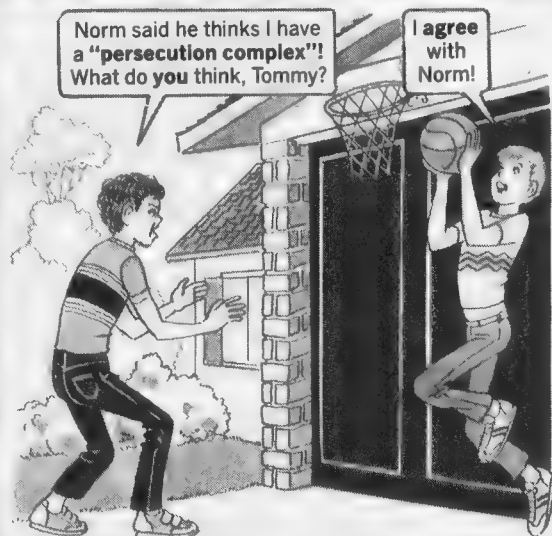
MATHEMATICS



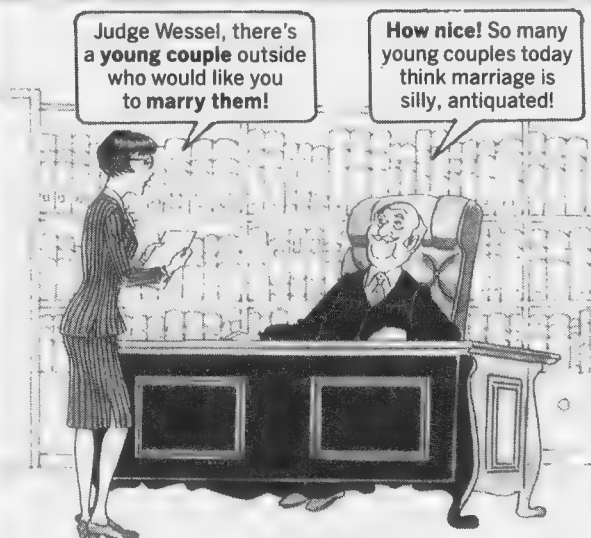
WRESTLING



PSYCHOLOGY



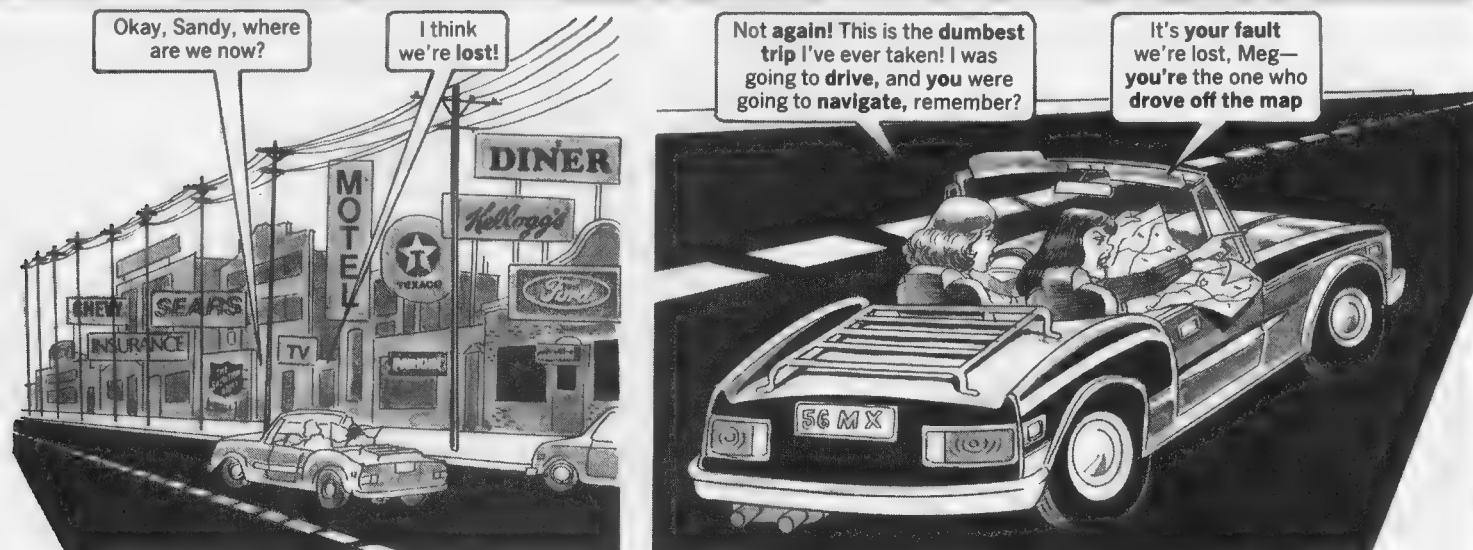
MARRIAGE



BEING ON TIME



TRAVEL



DOCTORS



It wasn't long ago when all the detectives on television were men. Women were portrayed as being frivolous and silly. But now we have a crime drama show where two of the detectives are women! They're every bit as effective as their male counterparts, and they smell a heck of a lot better! But they're still silly and frivolous! Of course, we're talking about...

Grabme & Spacey

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I'm **Pristine Grabme**! I'm 40-ish, but I look **younger**! I'm also **single** and I **drink** a little **too much**. But hopefully one day I'll be **married** and I'll have someone to **share** my life... and the **cost** of my **booze**! In the meantime, I'll go on working as a **plainclothes** detective. And believe me, on the **salary** they pay New York cops, **plain clothes** are all I can afford!

I'm **Merrybet Spacey**, Grabme's **partner**! I'm 40-ish, but look **older**! I'm a very **private** person, so **don't** ask me about my husband **Hardly**, who's usually **out of work** or **not happy** with the job he **has**, or my **two boys** who wish I wasn't a **cop**, or our new **baby daughter** who drives us all **nuts** with her **crying**! Oh, did I mention our new **house**? Anyway, the guys down here at the police precinct are always **teasing** me. They say they don't know which is **thicker**: my New York **accent** or my **midriff bulge**!

I'm **Lt. Darnrules**. I'm **in charge** here! And although I'm a bit **gruff**, I'm not a **male chauvinist** at all! In fact, I kinda like having Grabme and Spacey on my staff. Having **two broads** around here **brightens** up the place a bit!

I'm **Issexy**, God's **gift** to **women**! Now if I could only get some women to **accept** the "gift"!

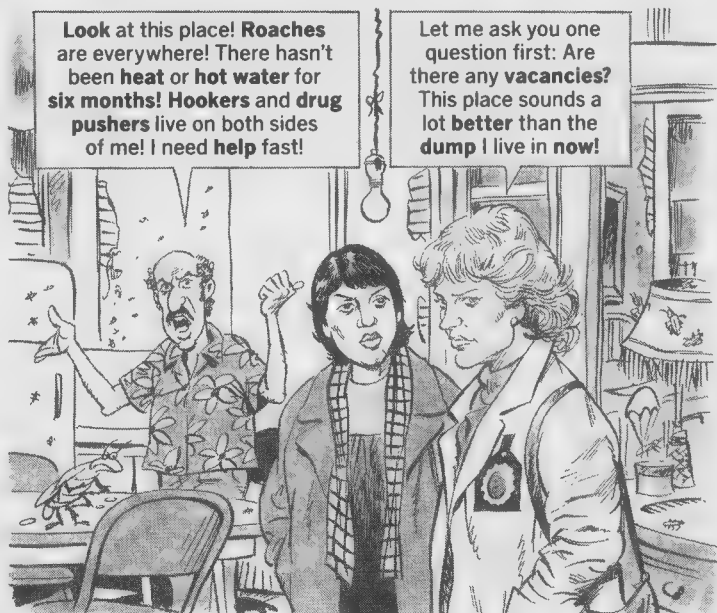
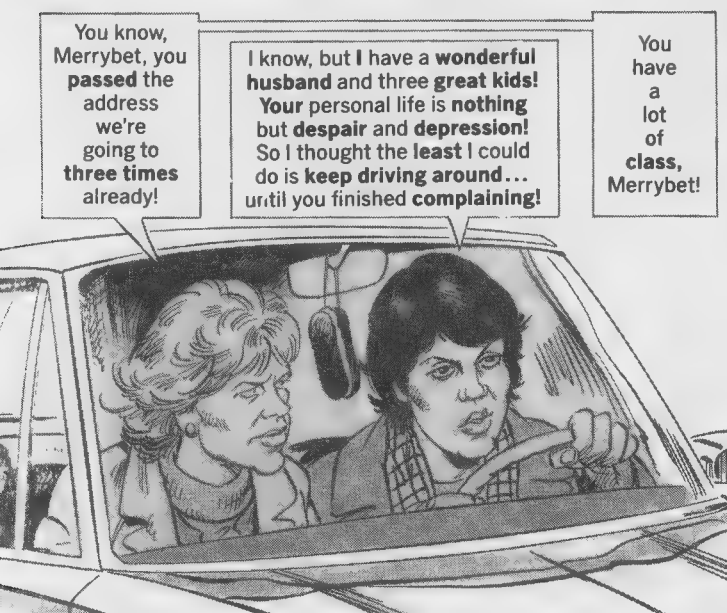
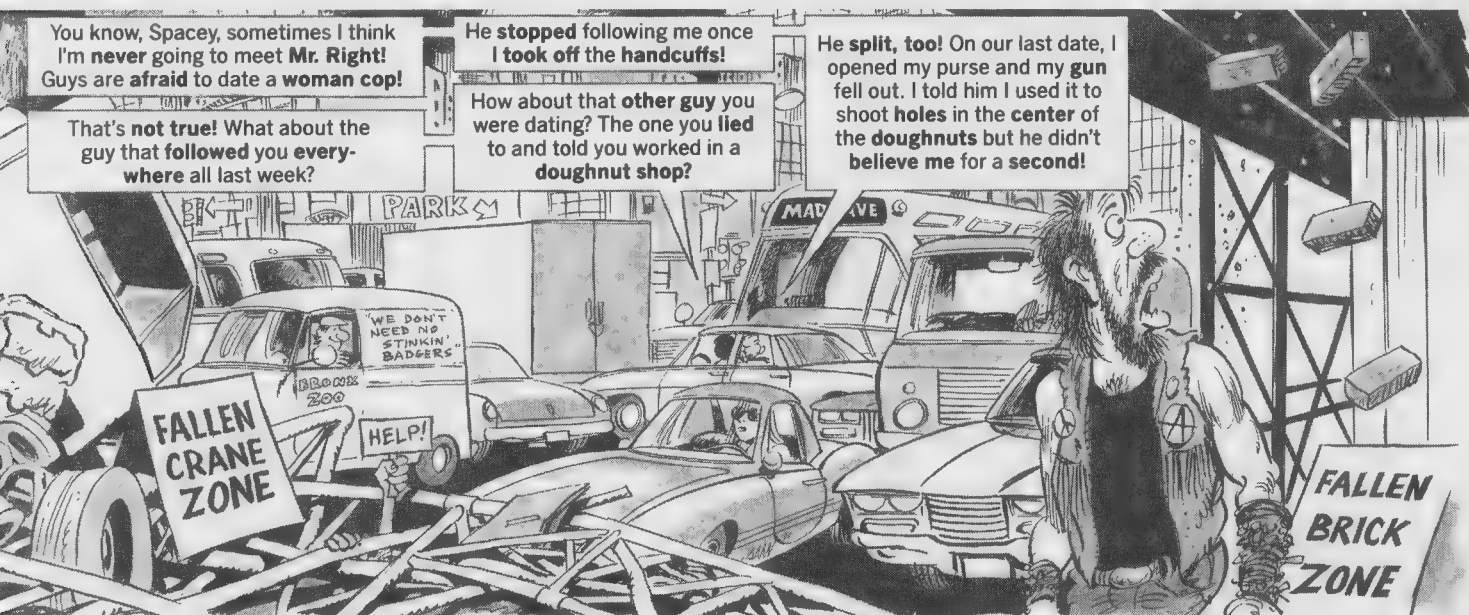


I'm **Detective Peachy** and I'm just a **token** around here! Not a **token black**, a **token detective**! Grabme and Spacey get all the **good** cases in this precinct, so the **rest** of us **guys** are all **tokens**!

I'm the **desk sergeant**. I just mostly **smile**. But everyone in this precinct is so **heavy-handed** and **depressing**, a simple **smile** is like **major comic relief**!

We're **Starsky and Hutch**! We want to report a **robbery**! Someone **stole** our **show** and **gave** it to two **women** detectives!





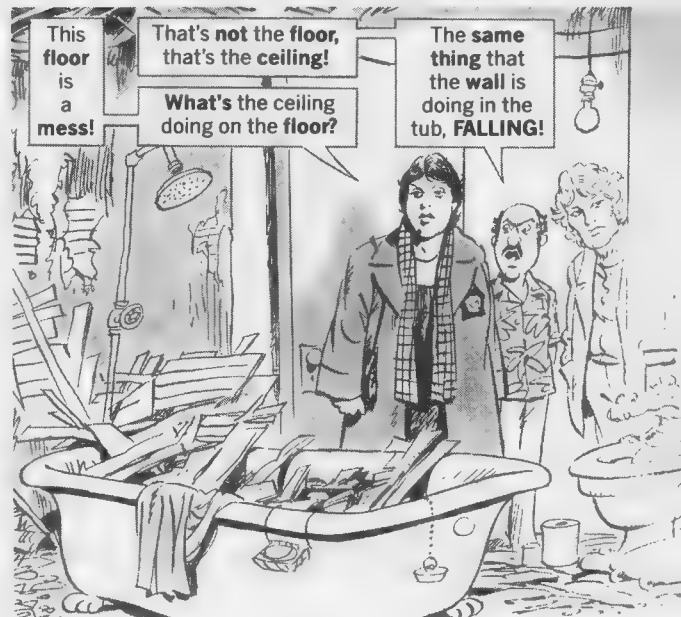


You don't want to live here, believe me! The landlord is trying to force us all to move so he can sell the building to a **condo developer**. They **harass** us day and night! Today there was a **dead body** in the **garbage chute**!

Well, at least they're **neat**! They could have left the stiff in the **hallway**!

You should **organize**! Elect a **tenant representative**!

We did! That's the guy they found in the **garbage chute**!



This floor is a **mess**!

That's not the floor, that's the **ceiling**!

What's the ceiling doing on the floor?

The same thing that the wall is doing in the tub, **FALLING**!

At least you have a **cat** to keep you company!

What cat? That's a **rat**! One of the **smaller ones**! I think they truck them in from **other slums**!

How about **getting even** with the sleazebag that's doing this to you?

I'd like to, but I'm afraid he'll do something **drastic**—like fire his **96-year-old mother**! Then we'll have no **janitor** at all!



You must **testify** against your landlord! You must, **MUST, MUST!!!**

OK! OK! I'll testify! I can't take any more **harassment**!

That's why we're going after your **landlord**!

What landlord? The harassment I mean is you and your **partner**! Get out!



Hey, **Slimebucket**! Here's a **subpoena** for you to appear in **court**! Mr. Manana is going to testify against you. The **charge** is **harassing tenants**!

Whadda ya mean? I'm one of the most **generous** landlords around! Who **else** arranges for the **garbagemen** to come every day of the week?

Yeah, but **yours** come everyday to **deposit** garbage!

Big deal! So hang me for mere **details**!

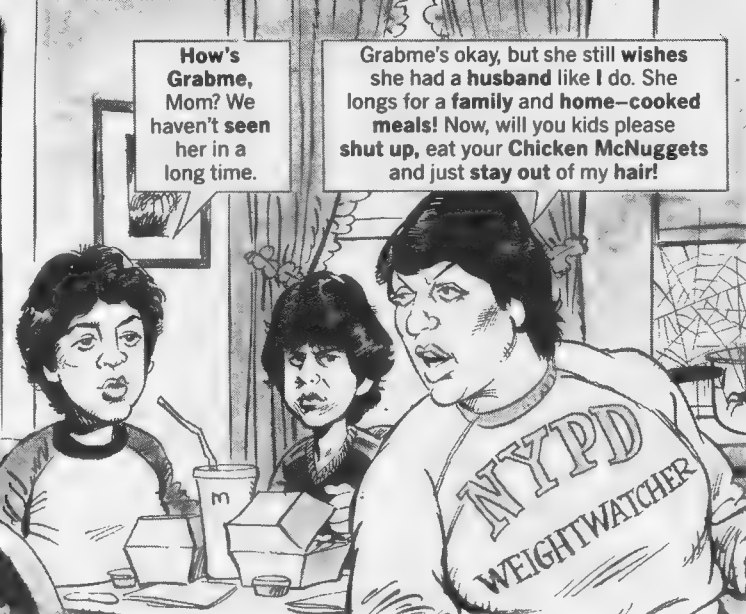


I suggest you get yourself a **good lawyer**!

Perhaps a **young, handsome lawyer** who's single and might be attracted to a **lady detective** who's charging his client with harassment. See, my partner, **Pristine**, is a **lonely lady** and...

MERRYBET! You know, sometimes I **wonder** if you're **worth** the **embarrassment**!





How's Grabme, Mom? We haven't seen her in a long time.

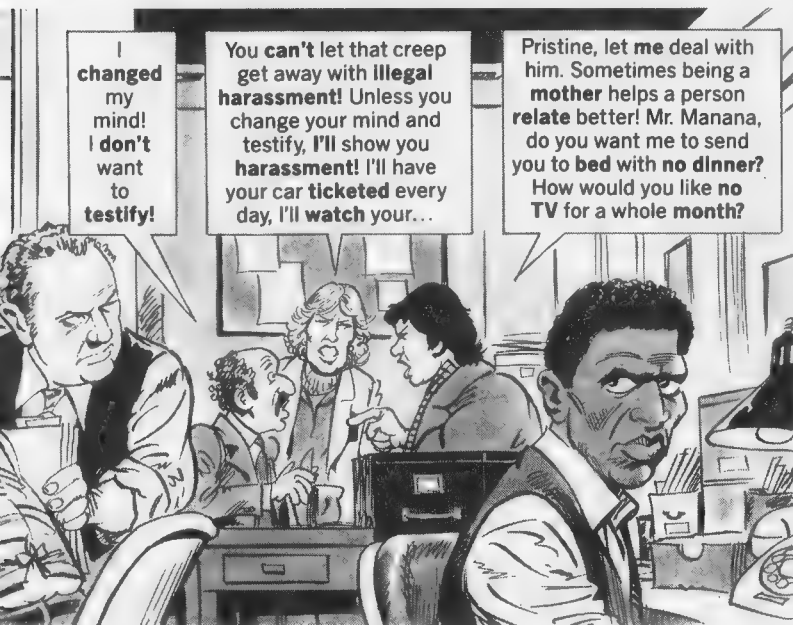
Grabme's okay, but she still wishes she had a husband like I do. She longs for a family and home-cooked meals! Now, will you kids please shut up, eat your Chicken McNuggets and just stay out of my hair!



So tell me, Hardly, how was your first day on the new job?

It was okay! But it was only a half day. I changed jobs during my lunch hour!

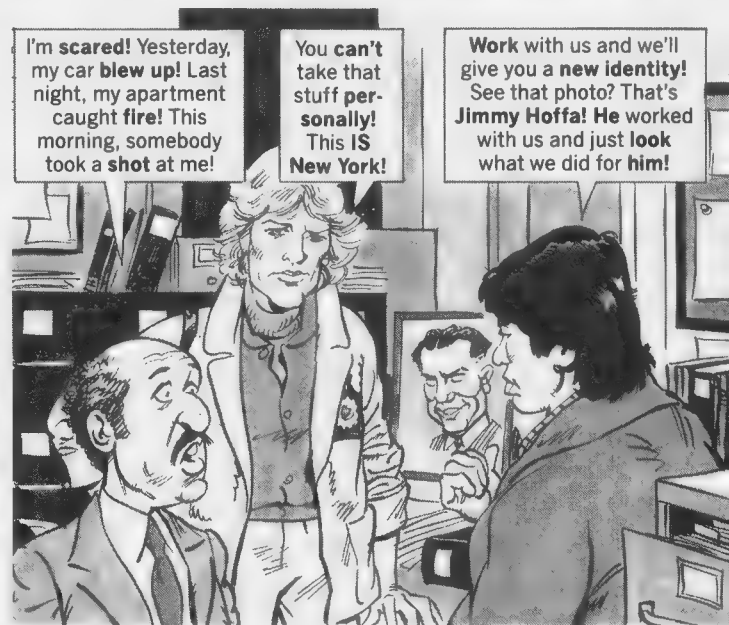
Hardly, you change jobs more often than New York City politicians accept bribes!



I changed my mind! I don't want to testify!

You can't let that creep get away with illegal harassment! Unless you change your mind and testify, I'll show you harassment! I'll have your car ticketed every day, I'll watch your...

Pristine, let me deal with him. Sometimes being a mother helps a person relate better! Mr. Manana, do you want me to send you to bed with no dinner? How would you like no TV for a whole month?



I'm scared! Yesterday, my car blew up! Last night, my apartment caught fire! This morning, somebody took a shot at me!

You can't take that stuff personally! This IS New York!

Work with us and we'll give you a new identity! See that photo? That's Jimmy Hoffa! He worked with us and just look what we did for him!



Boy, I hope Mr. Manana doesn't change his mind again!

If you're waiting for a Spanish guy, about 40, short with a moustache, I think he was abducted about ten minutes ago.

What makes you think that?

Because as three men dragged him out the door he was screaming, "Somebody help me! I'm being abducted!!!"



We've got to find Manana right away or Sleezebag could win this case!

We always go into the bathroom to confer!

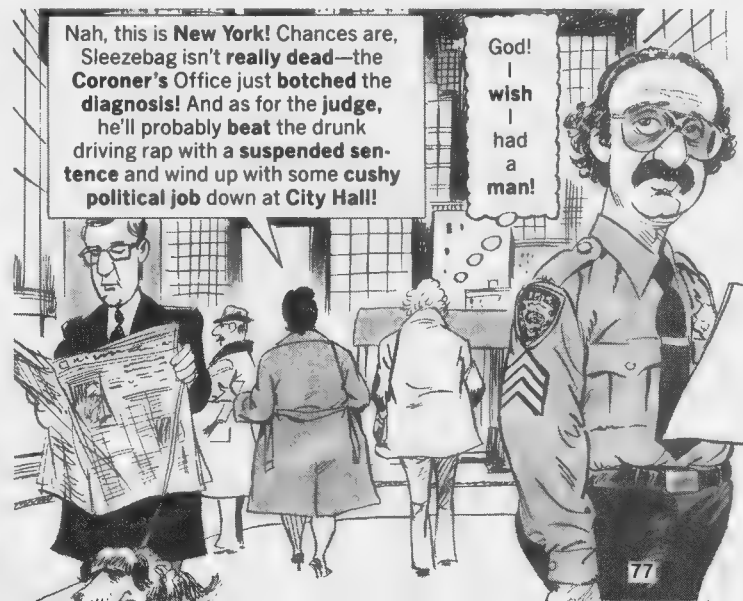
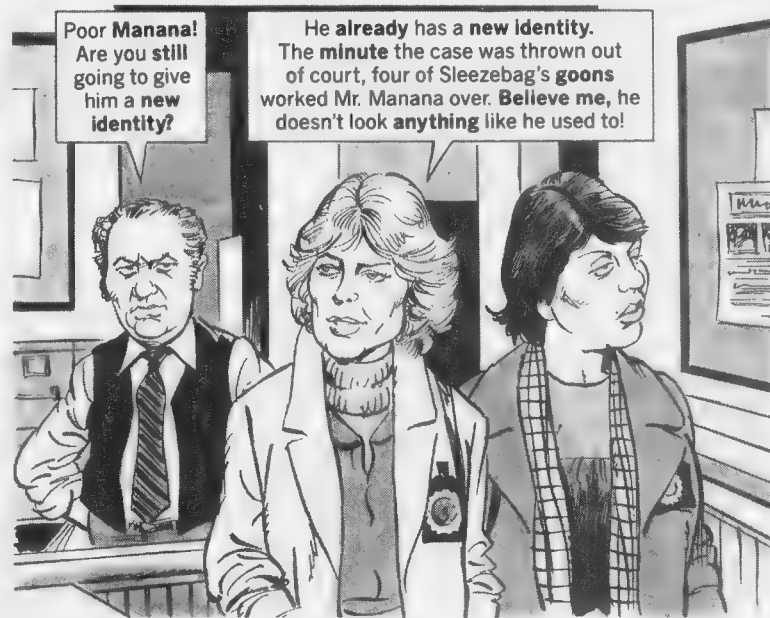
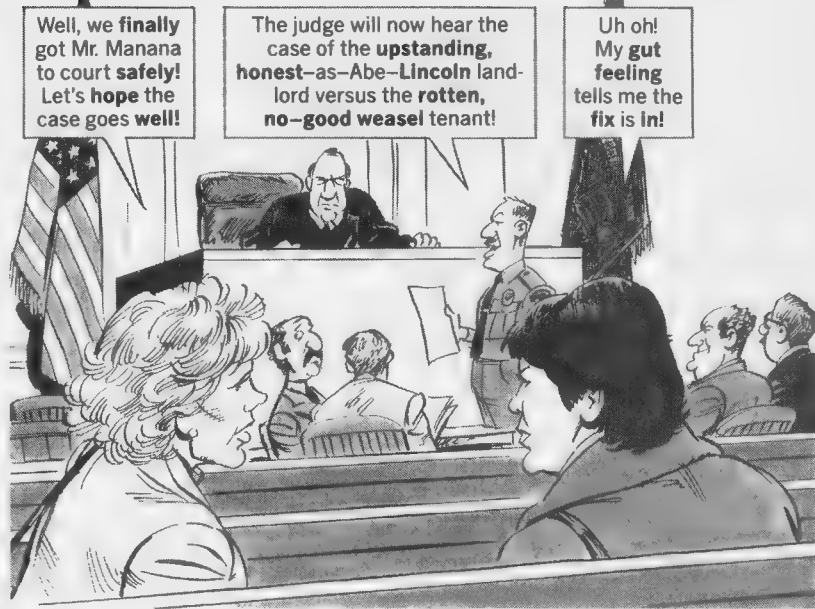
I know! What better place for my single partner here to meet eligible bachelors!

Merry-bet... PLEASE!

Hey, what are you two doing in here?

But this is the men's room!





MIRTHQUAKE DEPT.

When we want to measure the power of an earthquake, we use the Richter Scale, ranging from 1 for a mild tremor to 9 for a quake of total destruc-

THE MAD RICHTER SCA

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

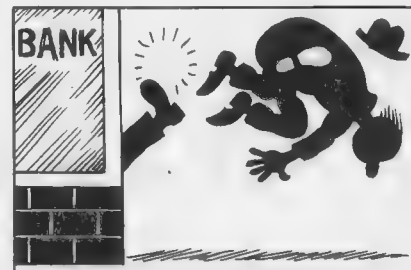
YOUR BODY

Except for a hangnail and some excess ear wax, your body functions adequately for someone of your nationality.

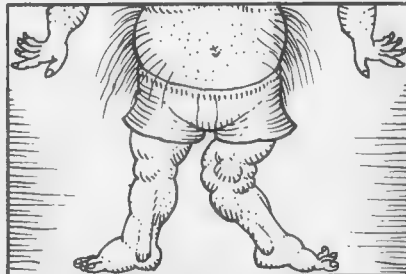


YOUR MONEY

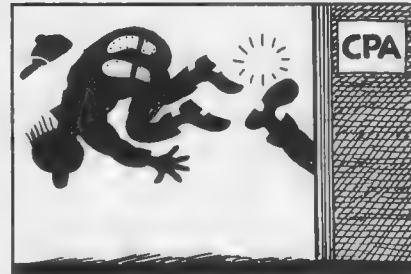
You learn too late that your Daily Horoscope is an unreliable investment guide. The interest on your VISA Card exceeds your salary.



Because of a fungal disease, hair sprouts from your ribs. A shattered kneecap ends all dreams of playing professional lacrosse.



Your tax accountant begs off, saying he "doesn't want to get involved." There are no buyers for your bowling trophies.



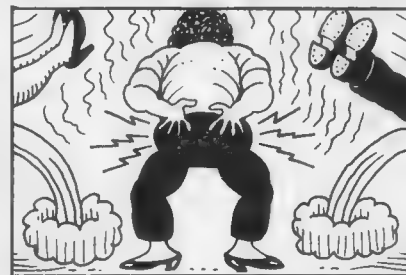
With no warning, you throw up four times a day on mixed company. Your only comfortable position is crawling on all fours.



Restaurants require you to put down a cash deposit before ordering. The word "Deadbeat" is imprinted by your bank on your personal checks.



Back spasms rack your body, ruining your plans for Arbor Day. Having no sense of smell, you are giving off a terrible odor.



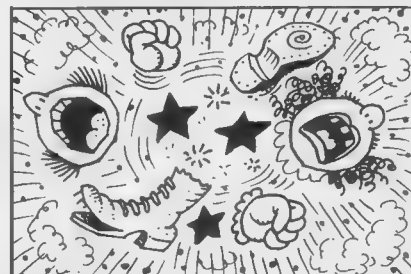
Bleeding in an alleyway, you learn that loansharks are not good listeners. Your scheme to mortgage your children is unsuccessful.



You are rejected by your life-support system for not "playing the game." Your vital organs give out one by one and later will be sold, though at a substantial discount.



A bus driver refuses your IOU. You wrestle a bag-lady for territorial garbage rights.



tion. Don't you wish there was a system that simple for indicating what shape our lives are in? There is now! A 1 to 5 grading system called...

LE FOR HUMAN BEINGS

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE

Although you are not totally liked and often rub people the wrong way, your essential dullness still shines through.



YOUR SEX APPEAL

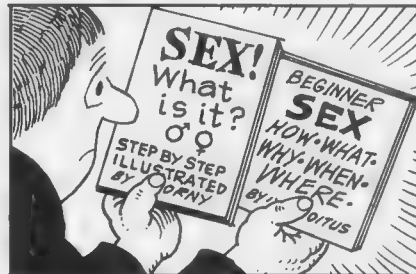
There is something about you no woman can resist, and one day you hope to find it.



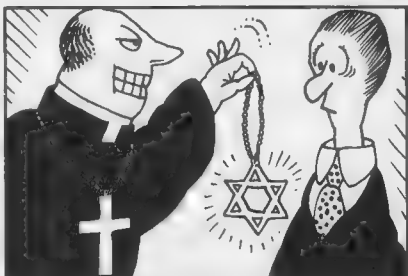
You are trailed by a security guard while shopping for washcloths at a local K-Mart. Your camper is turned away at an RV park.



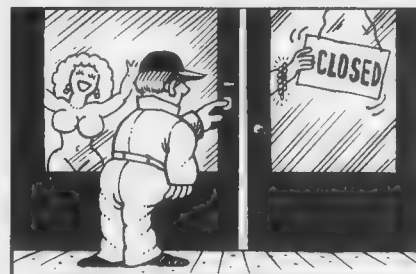
Two former girlfriends send you picture sex manuals on your birthday. Your dinner date takes along a pit bull as a chaperone.



No one knows who you are at a family reunion. Your minister requests that you change religions.



Dancers at a nude bar put on clothes when you enter. You see a sex therapist, who triples his fee after your first visit.



Large dogs use your leg as a hydrant. While taking your vacation, neighbors have your house towed away.



Alone with a date, you get your first sniff of Mace. A supermarket checker washes her hands after touching your groceries.



You collapse on a downtown street and someone calls for a sanitation truck. Because of "prior commitments," your family can't make your funeral.



The manager of an X-rated theatre says you're giving the place a bad name. You scout funerals for new widows.





WHERE'S THE BEAST? DEPT.

In the wilds of the forest, where all God's creatures roam freely, animals must constantly be on the lookout for predators. Mother Nature, in her infinite wisdom, has provided for these animals by giving them the ability to blend in with their wilderness surroundings. But what about those unfortunate creatures who don't live in the wilderness? What about the animals that have to endure the hardships and hassles of city life? Well, not to worry, because Mother Nature has taken care of them quite well, as you'll see by taking a look at...





CAMOUFLAGE TRICKS OF CITY ANIMALS

ARTISTS: HARVEY KURTZMAN & WILL ELDER

WRITER: RURIK TYLER



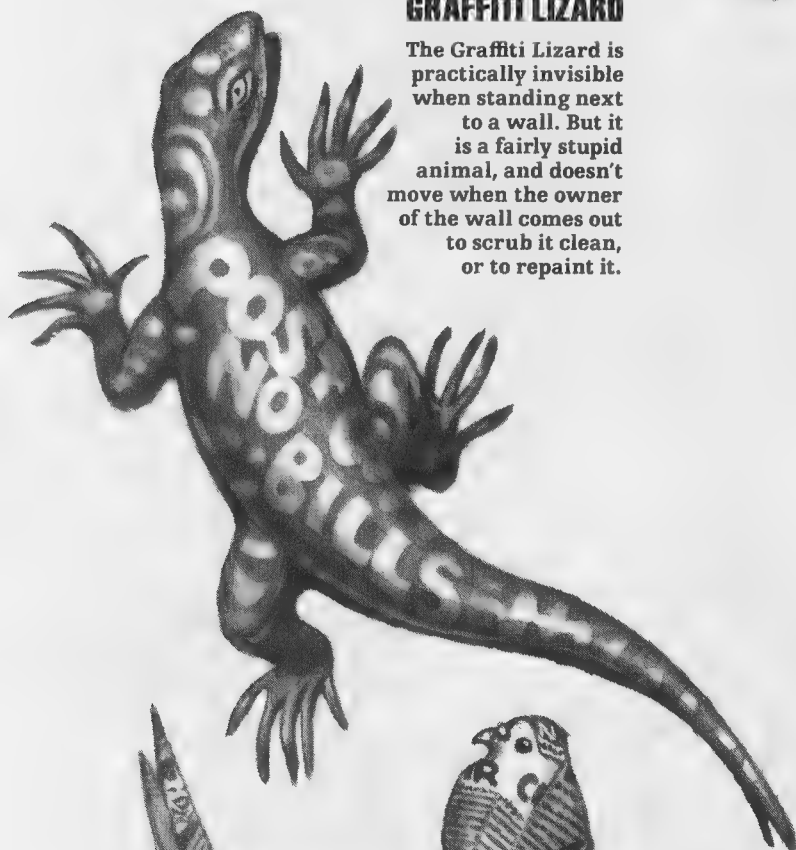
BULLET BEETLE

Bullets in the big city are so common, no one takes notice of them. So while the Bullet Beetle's disguise saves it from predators it is often trampled to death by pedestrians.



GRAFFITI LIZARD

The Graffiti Lizard is practically invisible when standing next to a wall. But it is a fairly stupid animal, and doesn't move when the owner of the wall comes out to scrub it clean, or to repaint it.

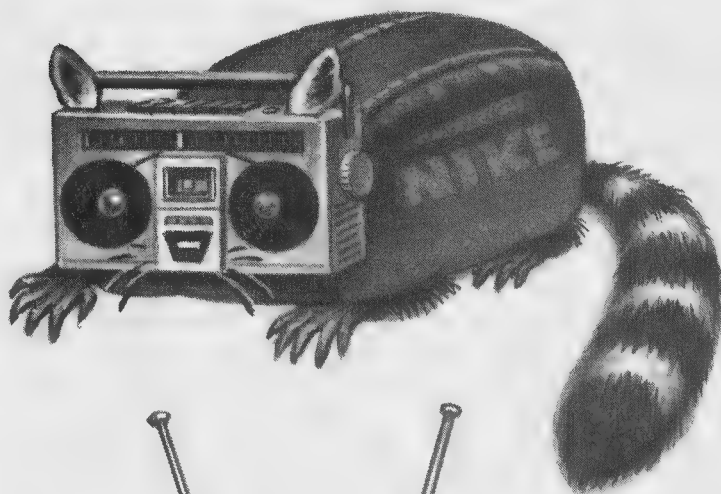


NEWSPAPER PIGEON

Taking advantage of high winds that send newspapers flying, these birds can soar undetected. They are a treat for winos who start out looking for something to use as a blanket and wind up with a meal.

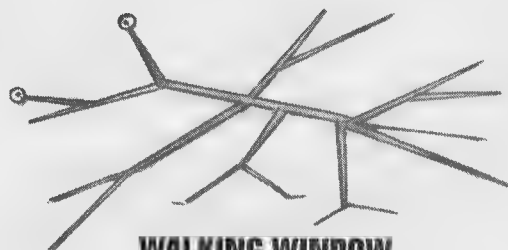
RADIO-FACED RACCOON

The Radio-Faced Raccoon looks like the gear of a typical city kid—a radio face and sports bag body with a clip on raccoon tail. Known to hang on to unsuspecting passersby when in danger, it is a nasty surprise for people who think they have found a free radio.



ANTENNAE BUG

The Antennae Bug lives a symbiotic life with the Radio-Faced Raccoon, living off the Raccoon's food scraps. It can also live on top of TV's, buildings and certain visiting martians.



WALKING WINDOW CRACK

The Walking Window Crack is a thin white insect. Its disguise works so well, it is virtually invisible to its predators. Its only worry is being drowned or crushed by the squeegees of window washers who don't realize it's there.



CLOTHESPIN CRICKET

The Clothespin Cricket is a harmless insect. It is threatened only by nearsighted people who ordinarily step on clothespins thinking they are crickets.



BEER TAB BUTTERFLY

A beautiful creature, the Beer Tab Butterfly has no enemies except oddball bag ladies who use beer tabs as jewelry.

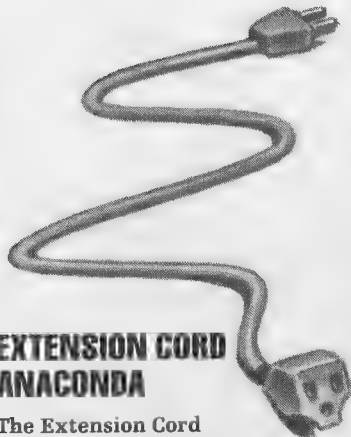
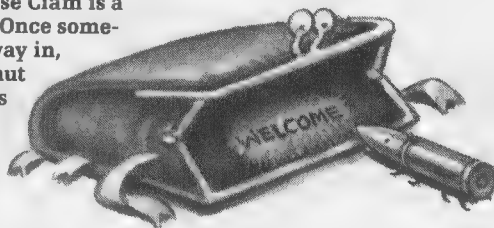


CIGARETTE WORM

The Cigarette Worm's camouflage is very effective. Its only enemies are smoking birds.

CHANGE PURSE CLAM

The Change Purse Clam is a miser's delight. Once something finds its way in, the jaws snap shut and nothing gets out again.

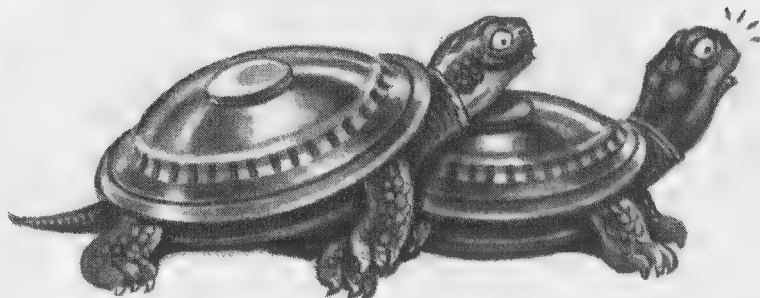


EXTENSION CORD ANACONDA

The Extension Cord Anaconda is a cousin of the electric eel. It is usually found in display bins at big city hardware stores where it is often mistaken for the real thing, taken home and electrocuted.

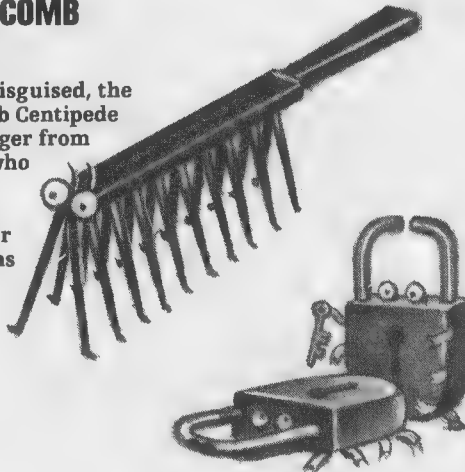
HUBCAP TURTLE

Very slow and harmless, the Hubcap Turtle is fine until a young hubcap thief figures him for an easy score.



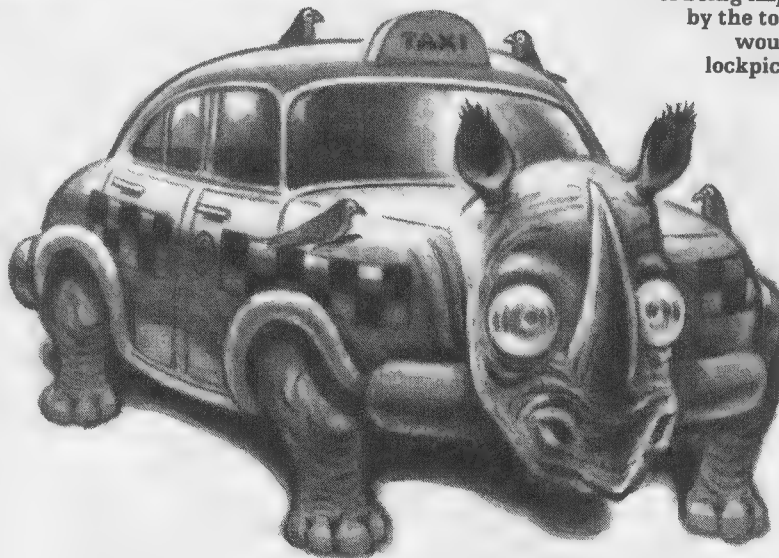
CRAWLING COMB CENTIPEDE

Wonderfully disguised, the Crawling Comb Centipede only faces danger from those people who don't have any qualms about acquiring their grooming items from the gutter.



PADLOCK BEETLE

The Padlock Beetle has super strong mandibles that allow it to hang from anything! Yet, when lying in the gutter, it looks like a snapped lock and is left alone. It lives with constant fear of being impaled by the tools of would-be lockpickers.



RHINO CAB

This big lumbering animal roams the street with no worries. It's built better than any modern car and can walk away from a collision. It comes with its own horn.



Nothing makes the skin crawl like that tired old parting remark "Have—" (Whoops! You know the one we mean!) Maybe it used to generate good feeling—30 years ago—but now it gives

STEWARDESSES



SUPERMARKET CHECKERS

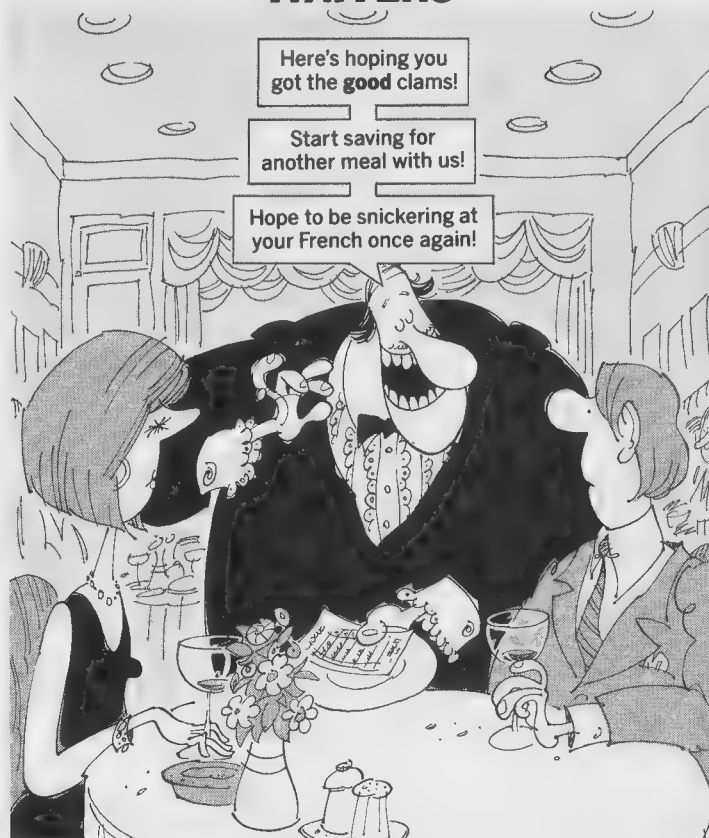


MORE L FAREW TO REPLACE T



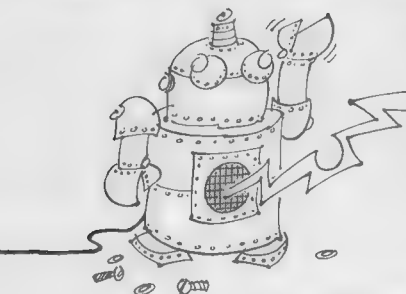
ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WAITERS



off as much warmth as a frozen enchilada. It's high time to revive the heartfelt good-bye! You'll be glad you're on your way out when you hear MAD's extremely meaningful, sincere and

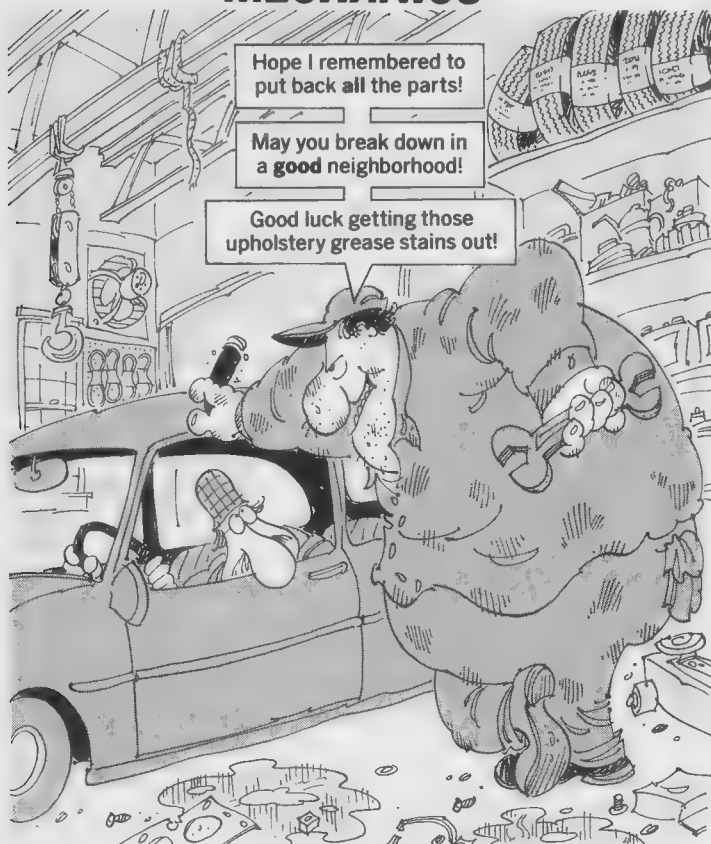
LOGICAL VELLS THE DREADED



Have a nice day!
Have a nice day!
Have a nice day!
Have a...

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

MECHANICS

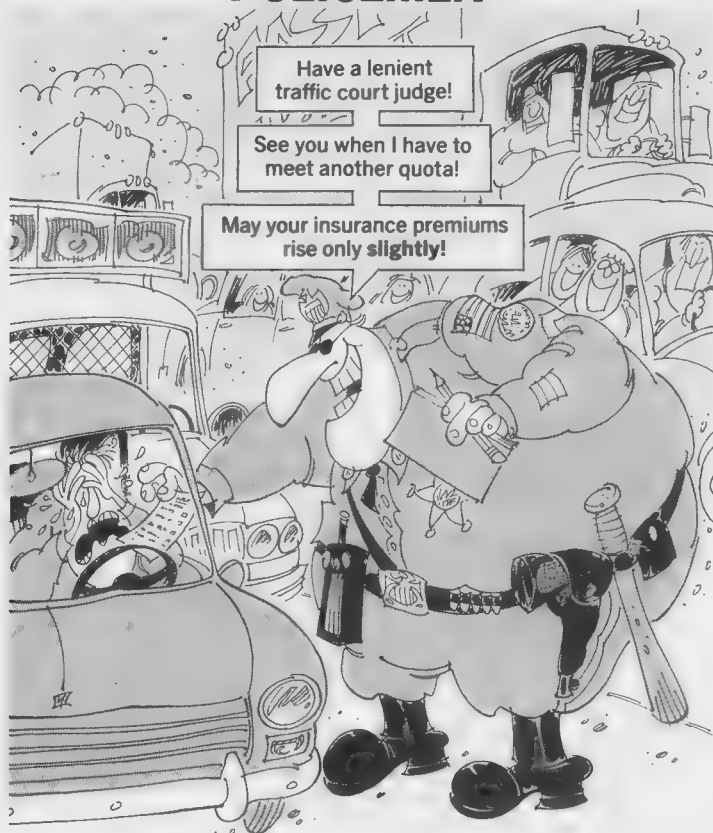


Hope I remembered to
put back all the parts!

May you break down in
a good neighborhood!

Good luck getting those
upholstery grease stains out!

POLICEMEN



Have a lenient
traffic court judge!

See you when I have to
meet another quota!

May your insurance premiums
rise only slightly!

DR.'S OFFICE RECEPTIONISTS



May the pharmacist
give you the right drug!

May the lab keep all your
test results straight!

Hope the rest of your
busy day isn't wasted!

One of the new plagues to befall mankind during the past generation is Junk Mail. The type of advertising trash that postmen now deliver hadn't even been conceived in our grandparents' time. Which is our bad luck. But it also may have been very

IF JUNK MAIL HA

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

A Special Invitation From Dinosaurs-By-Mail, Inc.

**TRY OUR BRONTOSAURUS
IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR CAVE
FOR TEN DAYS...FREE!**



Dear Fellow Neanderthal:

We want you to see for yourself how a single egg from one of our beasts can provide a full week's omelet for your entire village. Or, if you prefer, let the egg hatch, and then freeze the young one for your winter meat supply.

If, after ten days, you don't agree that our brontosaurus is everything we claim, just send him back and pay us nothing. It's our way of acquainting preferred semi-humans like yourself with our products. Order now while supplies last.


DINOSAURS-BY-MAIL, INC.

Dripping Fern Trail Great Primeval Ooze 53127

SEND NO TRINKETS NOW-OUR BRUTES WILL COLLECT LATER

**DON'T LET RISING COSTS
PREVENT YOU FROM BEING
BURIED IN A PYRAMID**



Dear 

Our records show that you're a respected citizen of the Twelfth Dynasty who'd like to be laid away in a classy pyramid just like our lately departed pharaoh. But chances are that the labor costs involved in a 30-year construction job are beyond your means.

Well, you needn't be resigned to leaving your carcass for the buzzards. We'll supply everything needed to build your own pyramid for less than you'd expect. That includes blueprints, stones and hoisting rope all delivered right to your tent. Send for details now!

PYRAMIDS-R-US

R.R. 2, Omar's Oasis Great Sahara Wasteland



**EAT RIGHT... AND
LIVE TO BE 40!**

SALT

**THE MIRACULOUS NEW ORGANIC PRESERVATIVE
FROM FLAT EARTH HEALTH FOODS**

Dear Nauseous Person:

Reputable wizards and other medical experts are beginning to agree that tainted food can be harmful to your health. Here at Flat Earth Health Foods, we've discovered the pure, natural additive that prevents meat from turning putrid and getting green scum all over it.

It's granulated salt, formerly available only to the rich from spice mongers, but now within the budget of common wretches like yourself. No side effects except maddening thirst. Place a trial order today.

FLAT EARTH HEALTH FOODS
Alchemy Arts Bldg. Hanging Gardens, Babylonia

unfortunate for our ancestors. With no radio or TV to provide them with advertising, they probably would have welcomed the mail order offers we now consider such a nuisance. And so, MAD envisions what postmen long ago might have delivered . . .

D ALWAYS EXISTED

WRITER: TOM KOCH

Get A "Welcome Barbarians" Pennant Free Just For Chatting With An All-Dukedom Agent



Dear Potential Victim:

Chances are that the Mongol Hordes will soon overrun your village. Once you're required to open your home to the invaders, you may find that you don't have enough household insurance to cover the resulting damage.

Just think how much bric-a-brac a clumsy Hun can destroy, and then rush to see your All-Dukedom Insurance Agent. He'll give you a free "Welcome Barbarians" pennant that may save your neck while he tries to save your property.

You're In Good Hands
With All-Dukedom



Learn to be a Highly-Paid Fool

The Easy Home-Study Way



Dear Overworked Churl:

Court Jesters and skilled knaves earn big money, plus such fringe benefits as getting to sleep indoors and eat unrotted food. So why not leave your drab dolthood behind with a home study course from the famed College of Fools?

You'll receive guidance in juggling, somersaulting and other oafish arts. To enroll, just fill out the coupon below (which happens to be a binding legal contract) and mail it today.

I want to make a fool of myself, which is why I'm signing this coupon and agreeing to pay whatever you charge for your juggling and somersaulting course.

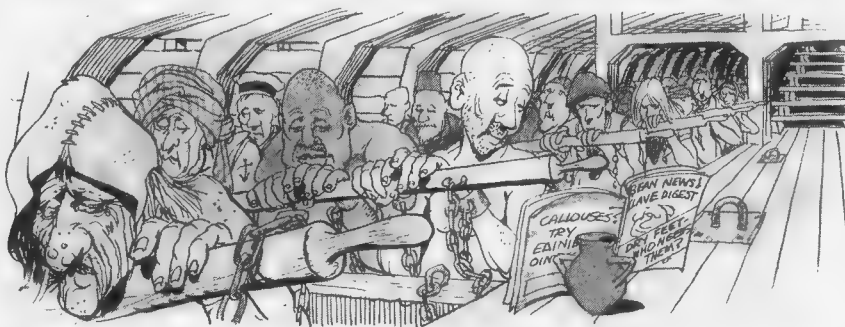
SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____

College of Fools

Box 46, Thieves' Station, Dawdling-On-Thames

at last! a magazine expressly written for a BUSY galley slave like yourself!



Dear Oarsman:

Pursuing a lifetime career like yours means that a fellow is always on the go, with little time for extensive reading to keep up with new developments in your field.

That's why you'll welcome AEGEAN NEWS & SLAVE DIGEST, the fact-filled publication that's concisely written with you in mind. It contains all that a professional rower needs to know, boiled down to a few words that can be scanned during those brief work breaks.

STEAL 4 PIECES
OF SILVER AND
SEND THEM AT
ONCE FOR 12
BIG ISSUES OF

AEGEAN NEWS &
SLAVE DIGEST



YOU'LL CAROUSE WITH CLASS AS A MEMBER OF THE EXCLUSIVE ROMAN ORGY CLUB



Dear Decadent Citizen:

You have been selected from among our city's most aristocratic drunks to receive this membership invitation from the new Roman Orgy Club. Deluxe facilities include ample wine served by charming maidens, relaxing massages given by charming maidens and anything else you have in mind provided by charming maidens.

If you're tired of the smelly peasants who hang out in singles bars, you'll want to join while we still have openings. Send your application today!

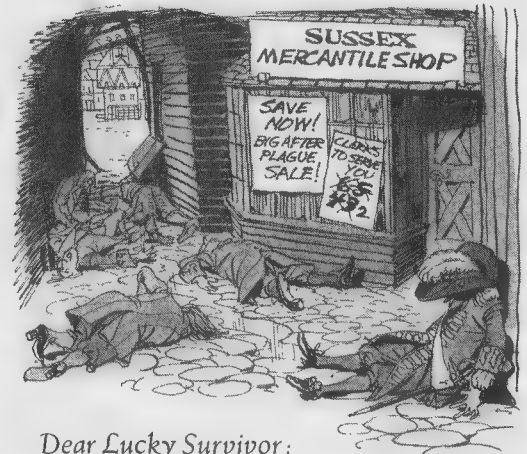
MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME _____
IMPRESSIVE TITLE _____
ADDRESS _____

QUALIFICATIONS: (Check one)

- ☐ I come from an influential family and possess great wealth.
☐ I possess great wealth, so never mind the family bit.

At The Sussex Mercantile Shop THE BLACK PLAGUE Is Your Good Fortune

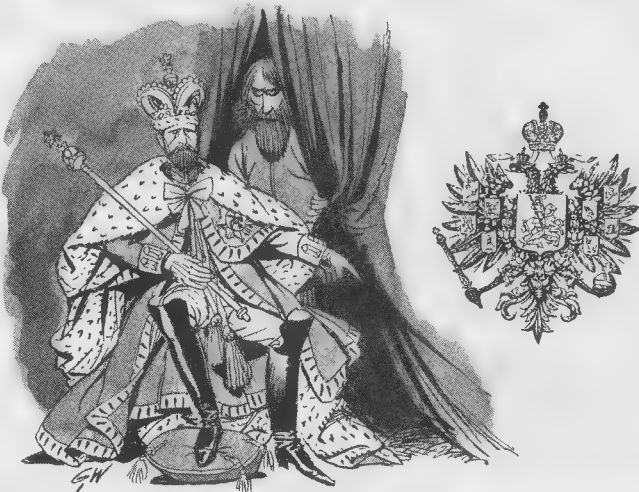


Dear Lucky Survivor:

Whoo boy, has the recent plague made us feel silly! Frankly, our buyers never dreamed that 95% of the population would be wiped out this season. As a result, we're overstocked on fashionable hair shirts in all sizes. Those healthy enough to get to our store can save big money while supplies last.

**For Personalized Service, Ask For Hugo
Merlin Dunston Anyone Who's Still Alive**

THE COMMITTEE TO RETAIN THE CZAR URGES YOU TO EXAMINE THE ISSUES



Dear Monarchist Sympathizer:

We know that your mailbox is filled these days with campaign trash from the Bolsheviks, Marxists and other crackpot organizations, all trying to win your support in the coming Russian Revolution.

You're undoubtedly sick of receiving all that junk mail, and that's why we urge you to support Czar Nicholas when the fighting spreads to your village. He never sent the peasant class any unwanted mail before, and he promises that you'll never hear from him again once he's back in power.

STAND UP FOR NICHOLAS IN '17

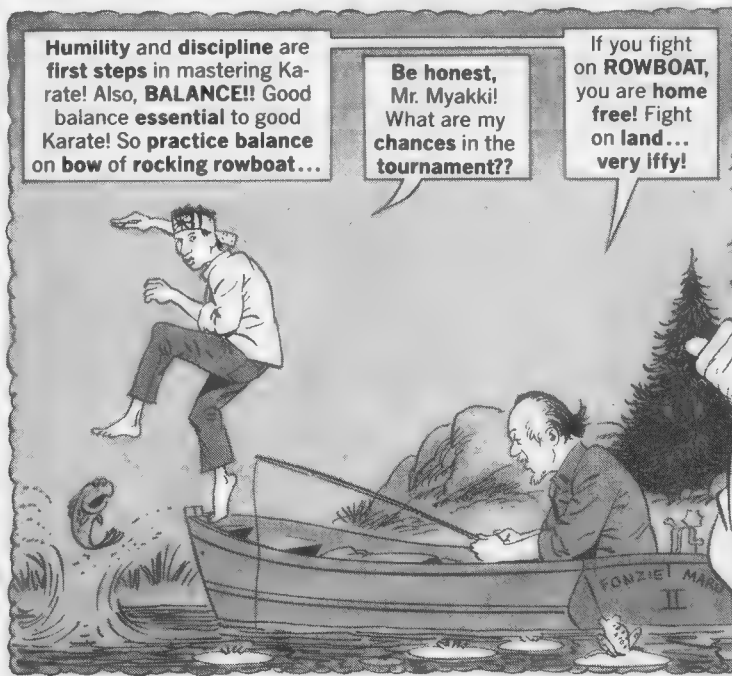
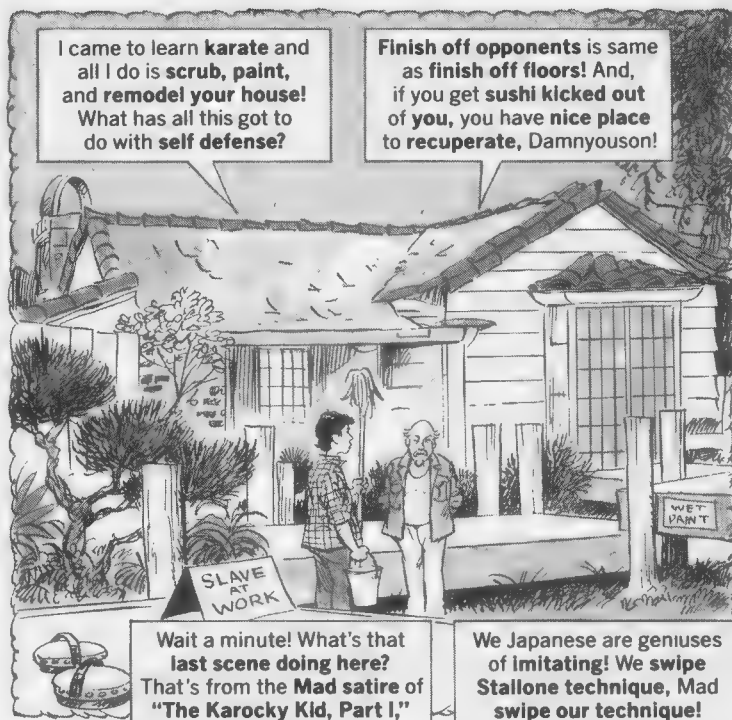
"The People's Tyrant"

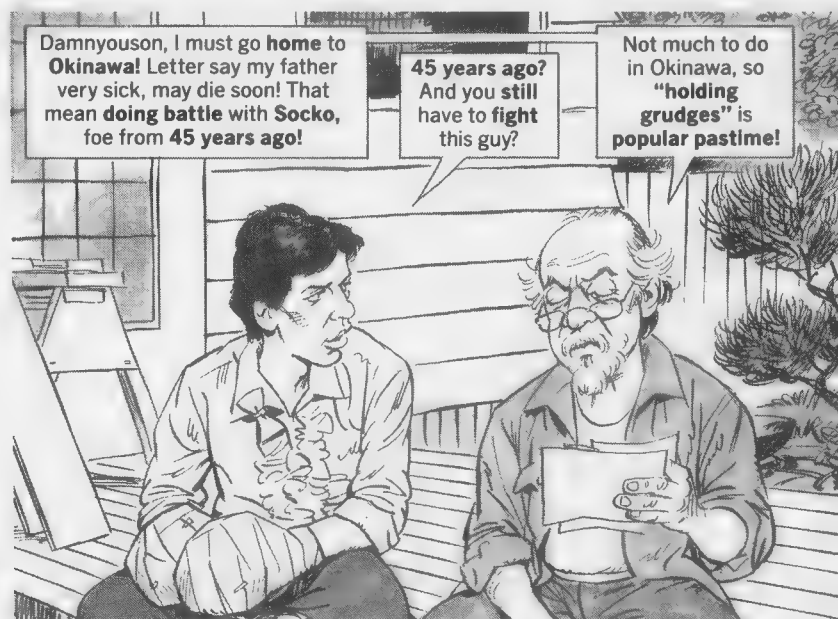
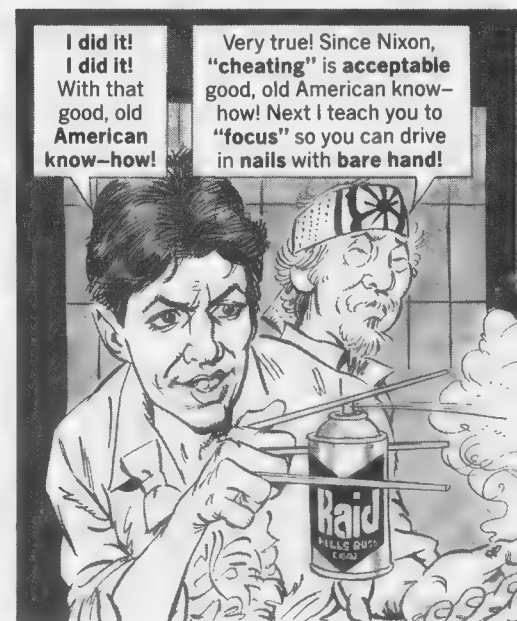
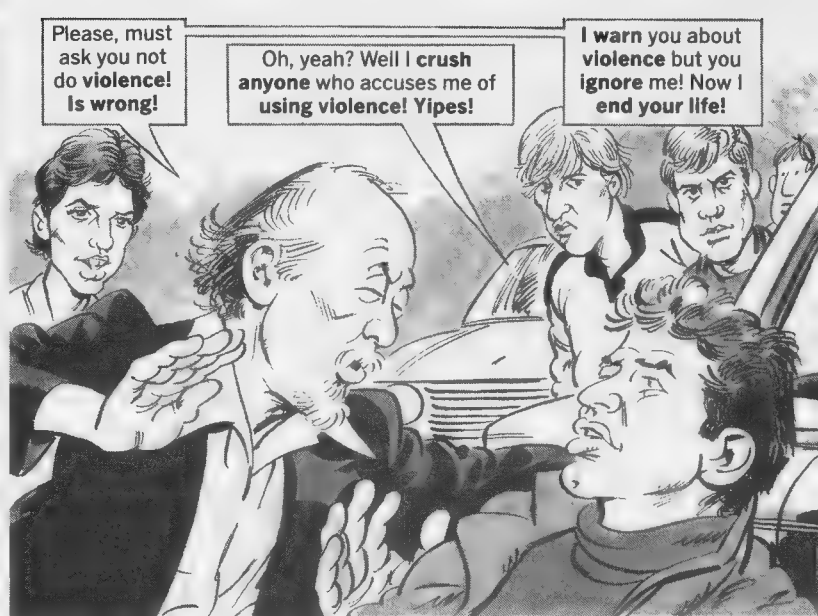
(This literature paid for by the Committee To Retain The Czar)

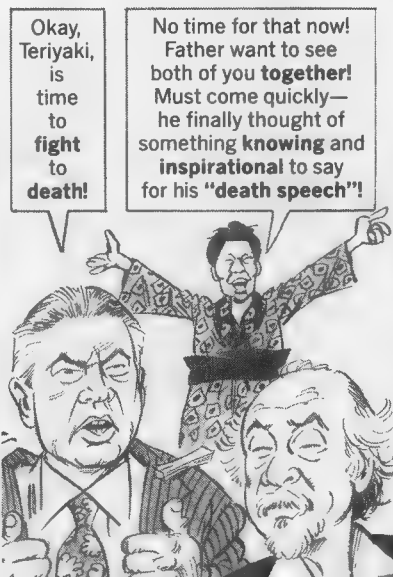
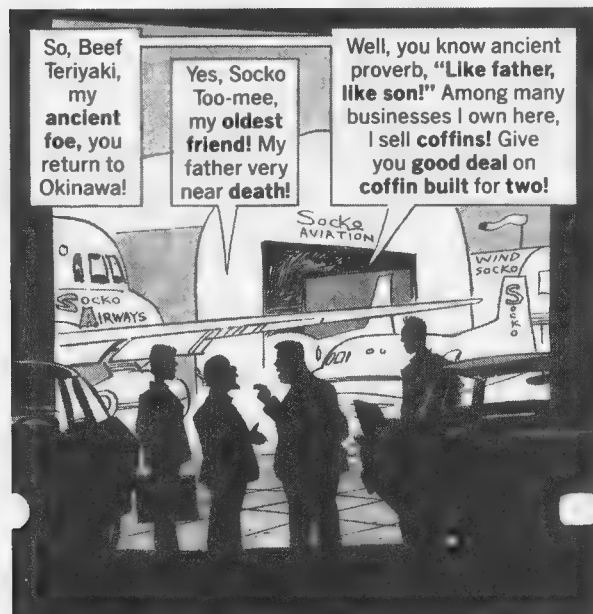
To quote the philosophy of Sly Stallone—*"All men are created with sequels!"* Hollywood, of course, has an even broader point of view—*"All men and boys are created with sequels!"* Which leaves Mad, a *"sequel opportunity employer,"* no choice but to present...



The Karocky Kid Part II







He's gone! May a thousand golden eagles fly about his head, but never poop on his tombstone!

Ah, sweet Oon-bel-di, such poetry! After all these years, you have not lost your sensitivity!

Me neither! I return kindness and compassion your father show me as a boy, Teriyaki! I give 20 minutes of peaceful mourning! Then I show you "Killer Karate"!

By you, 20 minutes to mourn and "Killer Karate" is kindness and compassion?

Yes! And since I also own flower store, I save you bundle! Make one funeral wreath for both graves!

Are you afraid of your upcoming fight with Socko, Mr. Teriyaki?

No, Teriyaki know best way to avoid "Killer Karate" death blow—move out of way very quickly! I use same technique 45 years ago...



Do you duck, or move to the side?

Move very far out of way—take plane to America! I develop that technique myself—is called "The Teriyaki Take-Off"! Remember these words, Damnyouson— When in doubt, get the hell out!



That my lifelong desire, Damnyouson!

To be a ballet dancer?

Close—belly dancer! And go to America and become "Solid Gold" dancer!

Hold it! Don't give away the plot of "Karocky Kid III"!



Bet all my bucks all six block of ice can be broken!

Wow, Mr. Teriyaki is going to break all six blocks of ice!

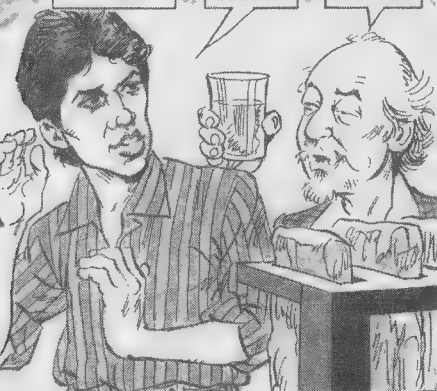
No, to break all six block, you need Ice pick! So—"Ice pick you!" You get it, Damnyouson? Teriyaki make terrific joke!



But seriously, folks, is very important you learn to break ice!

Is that so I can better my focus?

No, to better warm drink! Needs ice cubes! Hoo hah!

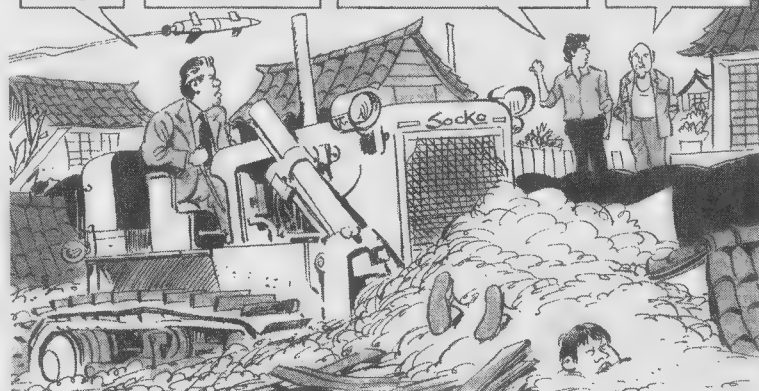


Now Socko really angry, Teriyaki! Level whole village!

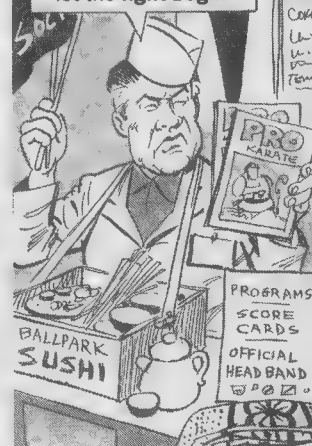
That first sign of generosity Socko display! Now everything no roll off table! Floors very uneven around here...

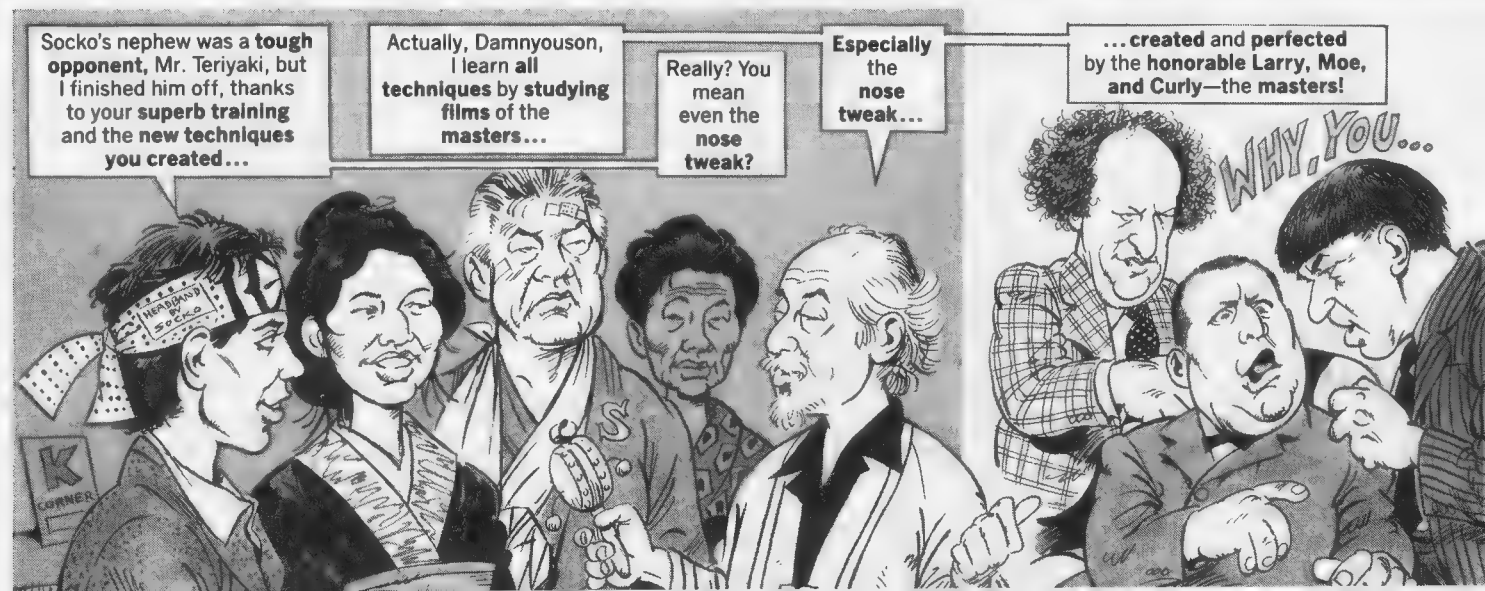
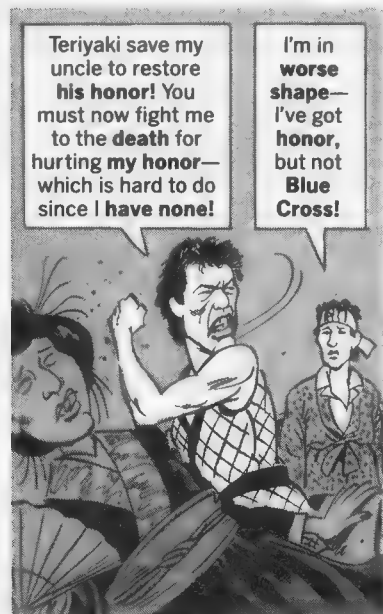
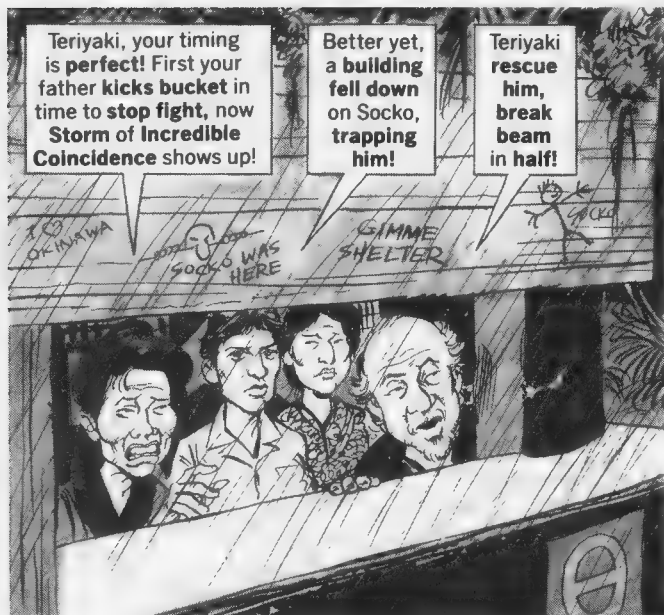
You don't have to fight to make this town safe, Mr. Teriyaki—30 feet away is the Air Force base where nuclear missiles are stored! It'll never be safe!

Damnyouson, when you going to learn that poetic rambling and logic do not mix?



Okay, Socko finished hawking tickets and setting up parking and refreshment concessions! Now let the fight begin!



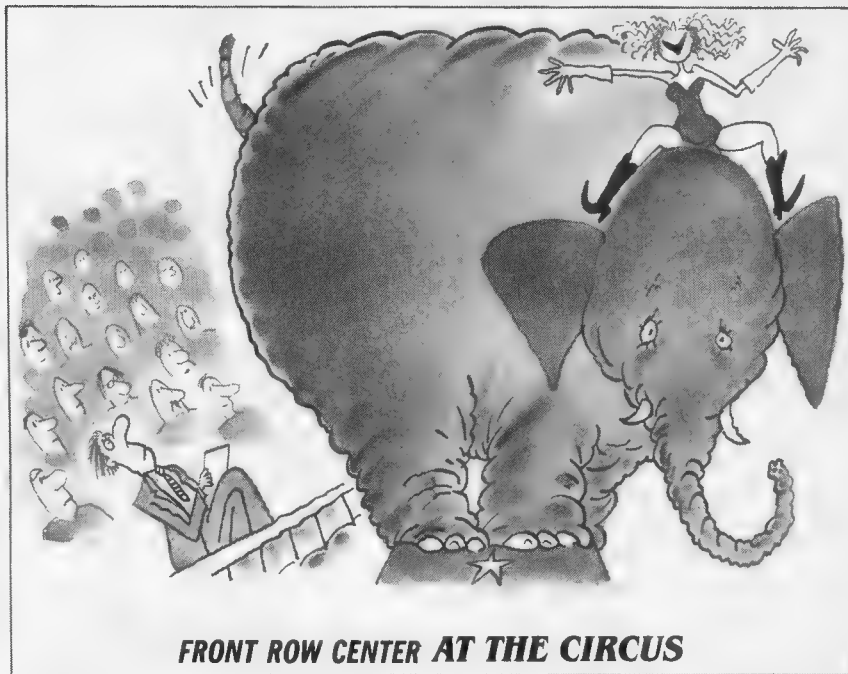


FRONT ROW

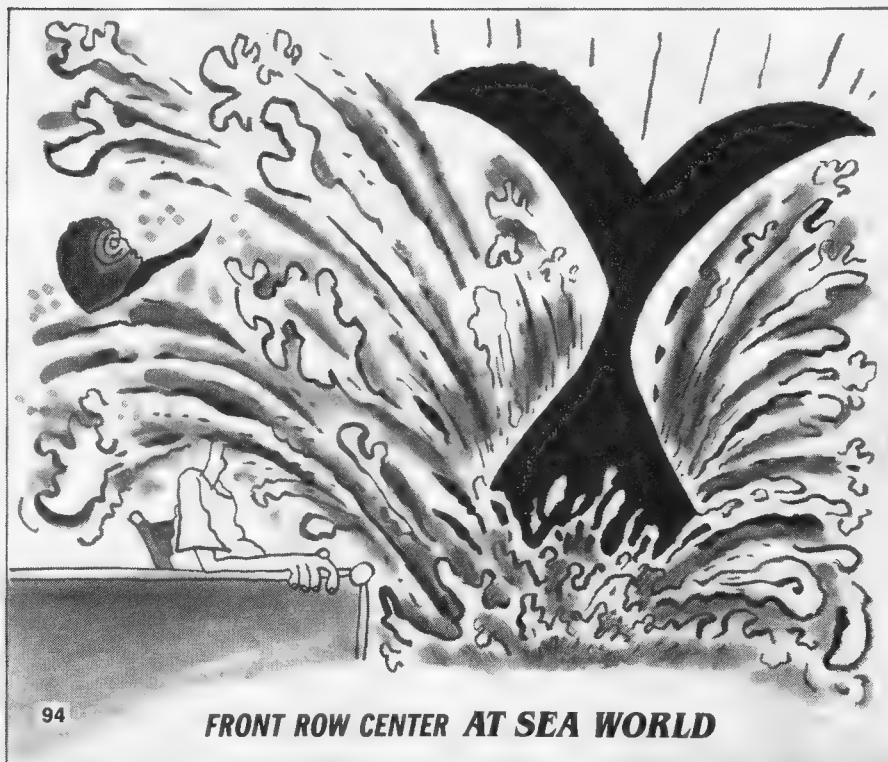
The High FRONT



**FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE WRESTLING MATCH**



FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE CIRCUS



FRONT ROW CENTER AT SEA WORLD

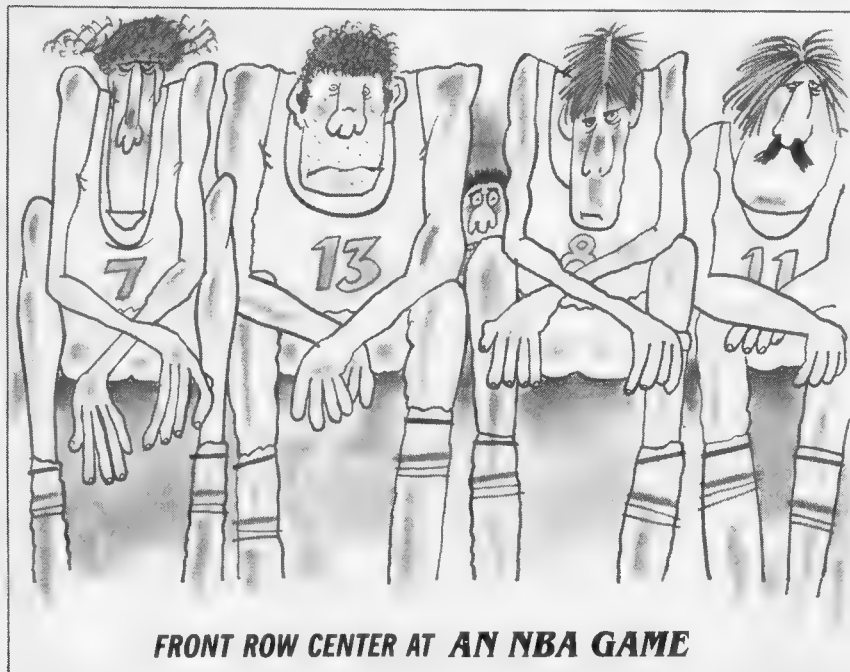


FRONT ROW CENTER

Risks of Row Center

ADMIT ONE
FRI., MAY 30 \$100.00

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



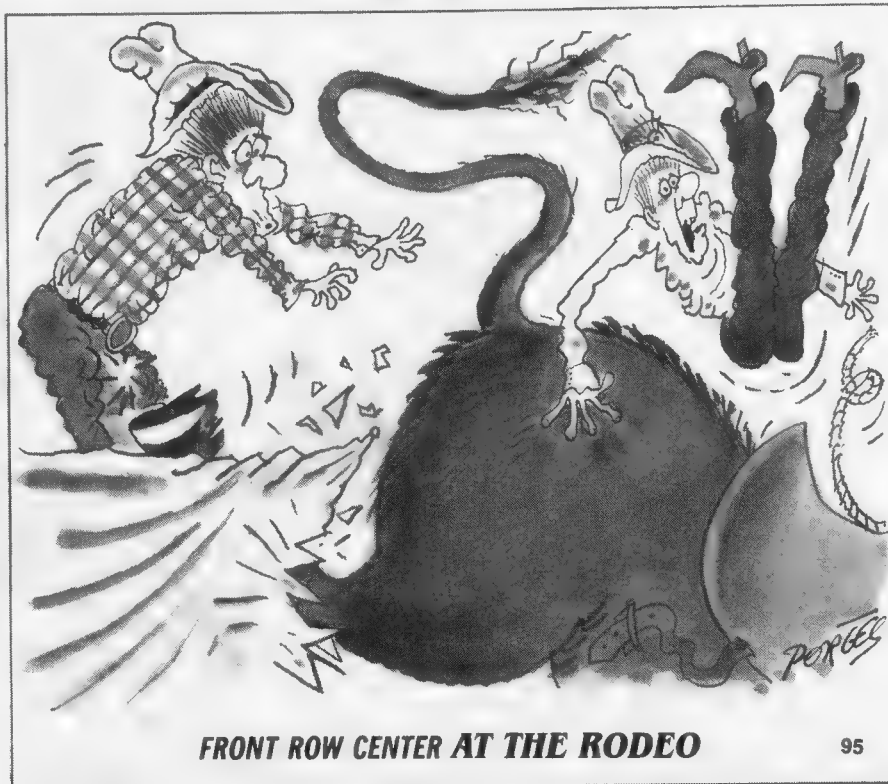
FRONT ROW CENTER AT AN NBA GAME



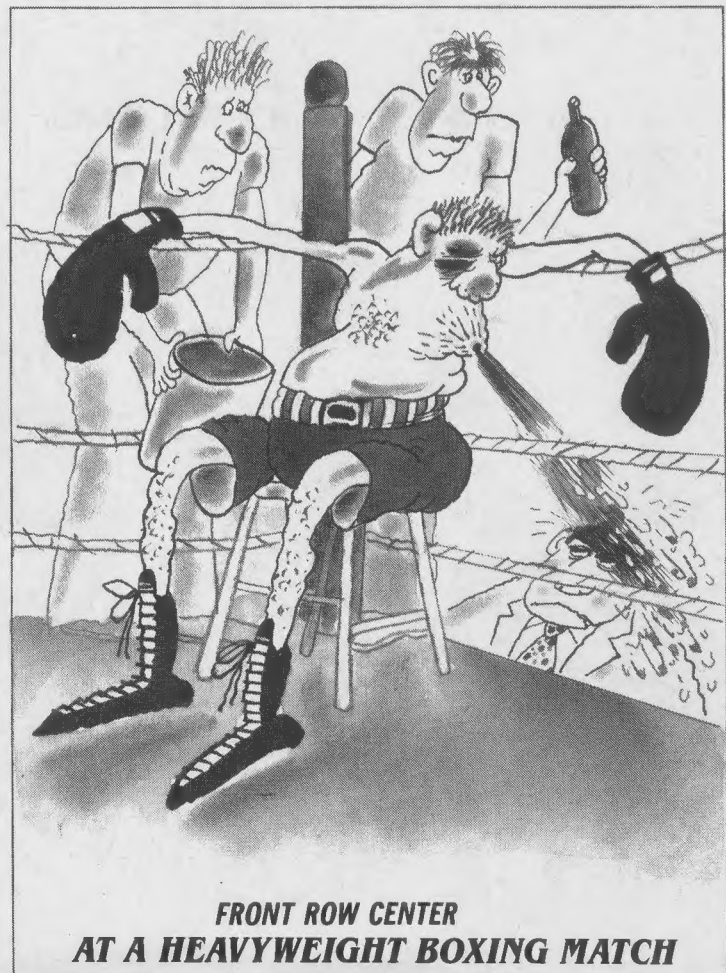
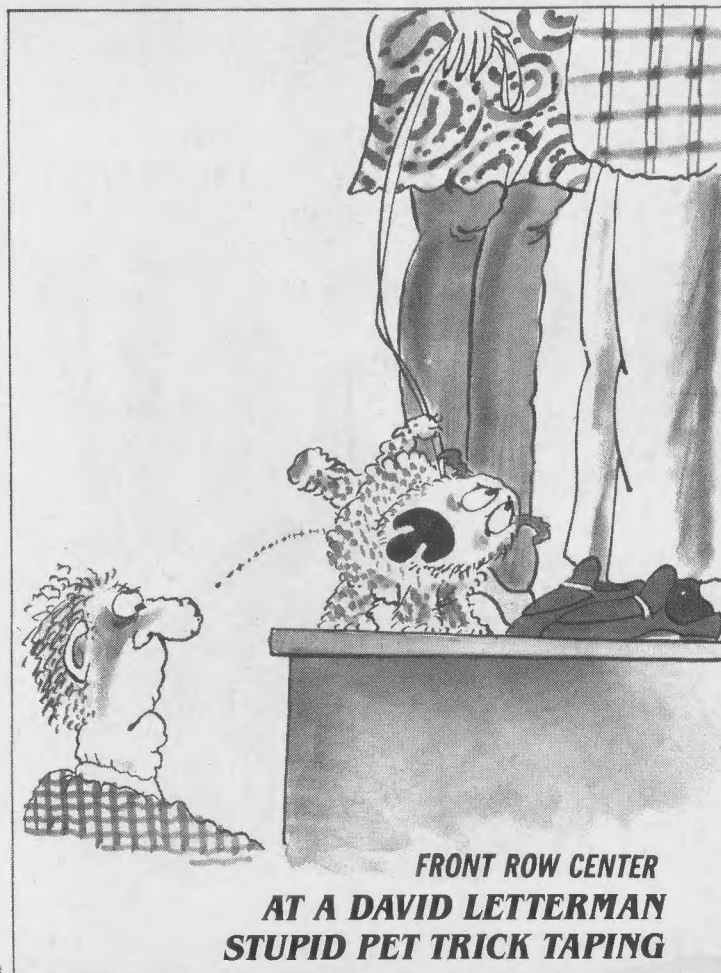
**FRONT ROW CENTER
AT THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL**



AT A 4TH OF JULY DISPLAY



FRONT ROW CENTER AT THE RODEO



**WHAT'S THE
BIGGEST
FINANCIAL
DRAIN ON
THE FEDERAL
GOVERNMENT?**

SURPRISE! HERE'S ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Our government supports thousands of expensive programs. Fold page in as shown to find out the one that's really draining the Treasury!

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**DEFICITS ARE CAUSED BY PROGRAMS WHOSE EXPENSE
WE CAN'T AFFORD. TO END THIS WE NEED NEW
CONTROLS. TAX PAYERS ARE TIRED OF BEING BENEFACTORS**

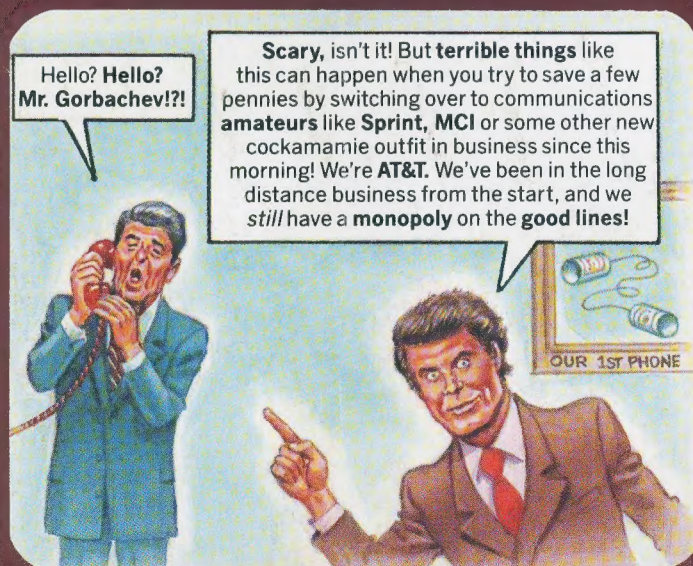
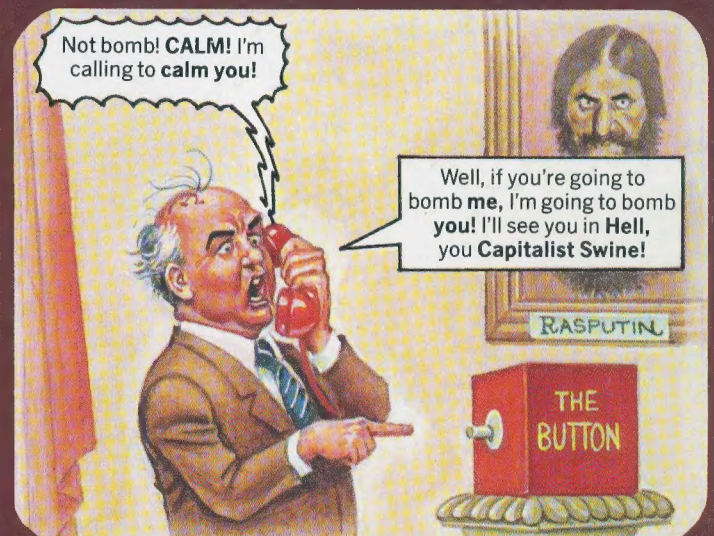
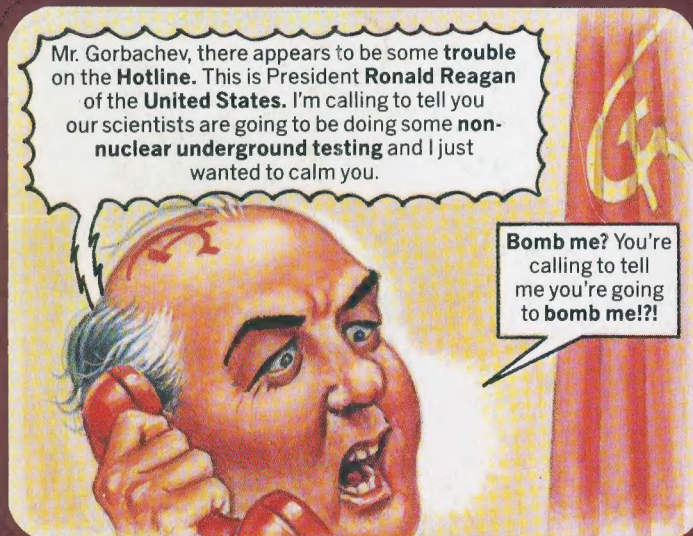
WRITER AND ARTIST:
AL JAFFEE

A▶

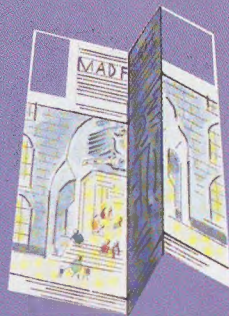
◀B

GREAT MOMENTS IN ADVERTISING

The Day AT&T Went Too Far

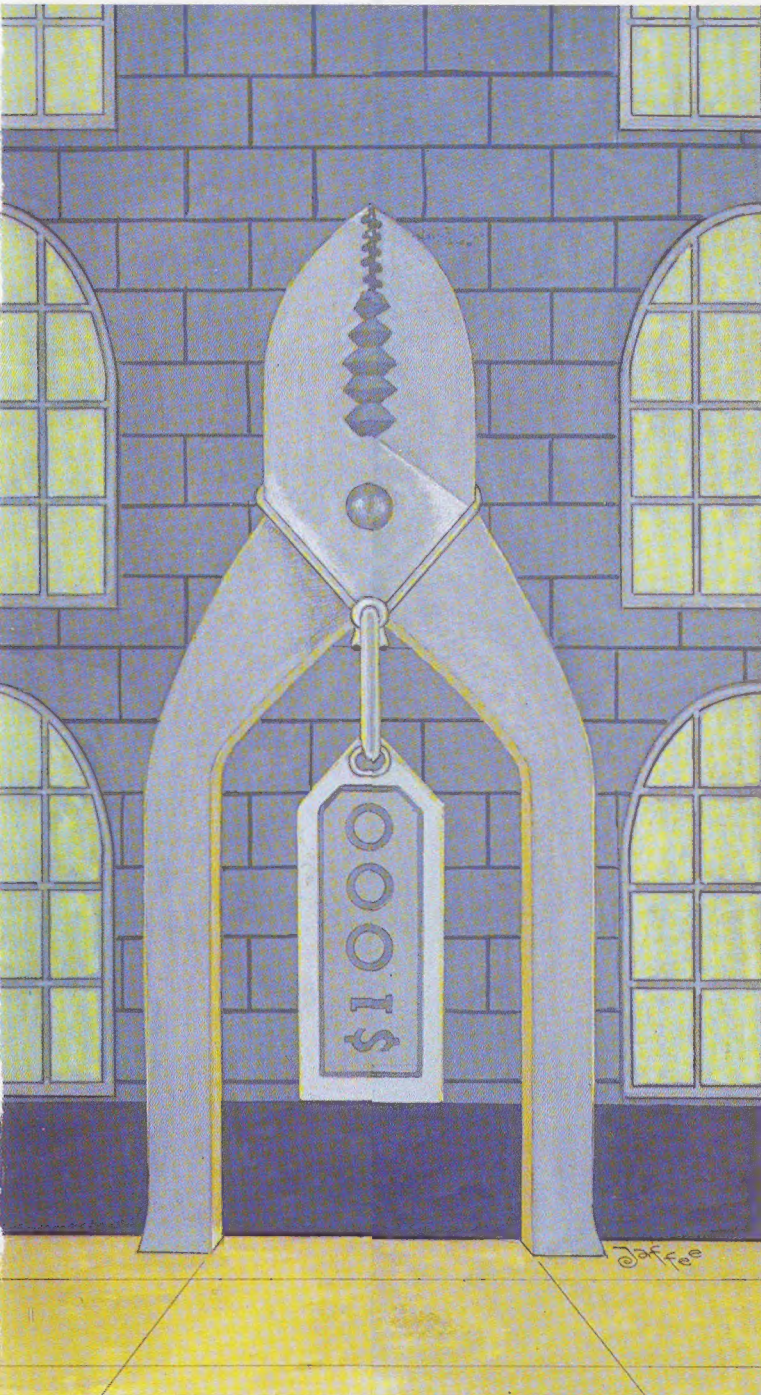


**WHAT'S THE
BIGGEST
FINANCIAL
DRAIN ON
THE FEDERAL
GOVERNMENT?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



DEFENSE

CONTRACTORS

**WRITER AND ARTIST:
AL JAFFEE**

A B